

# THE European Magazine,

For SEPTEMBER 1791.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT OF THOMAS BANKS, ESQ. And 2. A THIRD VIEW OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.]

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L O N D O N:

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# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS to CORRESPONDENTS.

We take the earliest opportunity of thanking our friendly Correspondent at Calcutta for his EXTRACTS and other communications, which were safely delivered to us by the person to whom they were entrusted. Some we have inserted this month, and shall be thankful to him if he will in the same manner transmit us in future what may be valuable that issues from the Calcutta press.

To our several Correspondents who so often desire reasons to be assigned for the omission of their pieces, we answer, that they may be assured whatever is sent us will be read with candour and attention, and inserted if proper. Only to enumerate the various pieces we daily receive would take up too much room.

## AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Sept. 12, to Sept. 17, 1791.

|                             | Wheat |    | Rye |    | Barl. |    | Oats |    | Beans |    |
|-----------------------------|-------|----|-----|----|-------|----|------|----|-------|----|
|                             | s.    | d. | s.  | d. | s.    | d. | s.   | d. | s.    | d. |
| London                      | 5     | 3  | 3   | 4  | 3     | 3  | 2    | 5  | 3     | 8  |
| COUNTIES INLAND.            |       |    |     |    |       |    |      |    |       |    |
| Middlesex                   | 5     | 1  | 4   | 5  | 3     | 1  | 2    | 5  | 3     | 9  |
| Surry                       | 5     | 4  | 3   | 10 | 3     | 3  | 2    | 7  | 4     | 2  |
| Hertford                    | 5     | 4  | 3   | 10 | 3     | 1  | 2    | 5  | 3     | 10 |
| Bedford                     | 5     | 0  | 3   | 5  | 3     | 3  | 2    | 5  | 3     | 6  |
| Cambridge                   | 5     | 1  | 3   | 3  | 2     | 9  | 2    | 1  | 3     | 7  |
| Huntingdon                  | 4     | 11 | 0   | 0  | 0     | 0  | 2    | 0  | 3     | 4  |
| Northampton                 | 5     | 10 | 3   | 8  | 3     | 5  | 2    | 5  | 4     | 0  |
| Rutland                     | 5     | 9  | 3   | 9  | 3     | 8  | 2    | 6  | 4     | 1  |
| Leicester                   | 6     | 1  | 3   | 9  | 3     | 7  | 2    | 6  | 4     | 8  |
| Nottingham                  | 5     | 7  | 3   | 10 | 3     | 5  | 2    | 3  | 4     | 1  |
| Derby                       | 6     | 4  | 0   | 0  | 0     | 0  | 2    | 7  | 4     | 9  |
| Stafford                    | 6     | 0  | 4   | 9  | 0     | 0  | 3    | 6  | 4     | 7  |
| Salop                       | 5     | 9  | 4   | 0  | 3     | 6  | 2    | 6  | 4     | 9  |
| Hereford                    | 5     | 3  | 0   | 0  | 0     | 0  | 2    | 1  | 0     | 0  |
| Worcester                   | 5     | 11 | 3   | 11 | 4     | 3  | 2    | 10 | 4     | 5  |
| Warwick                     | 6     | 7  | 0   | 0  | 3     | 3  | 2    | 6  | 3     | 10 |
| Gloucester                  | 6     | 0  | 0   | 0  | 3     | 9  | 2    | 5  | 3     | 9  |
| Wilts                       | 6     | 1  | 5   | 1  | 3     | 4  | 2    | 4  | 4     | 1  |
| Berks                       | 5     | 7  | 5   | 1  | 3     | 1  | 2    | 5  | 3     | 9  |
| Oxford                      | 5     | 10 | 0   | 0  | 3     | 2  | 2    | 4  | 3     | 8  |
| Bucks                       | 5     | 4  | 3   | 10 | 3     | 2  | 2    | 5  | 3     | 9  |
| COUNTIES upon the COAST.    |       |    |     |    |       |    |      |    |       |    |
| Wheat Rye Barl. Oats Beans. |       |    |     |    |       |    |      |    |       |    |
| Essex                       | 5     | 3  | 4   | 1  | 3     | 1  | 2    | 6  | 3     | 10 |
| Suffolk                     | 5     | 0  | 3   | 0  | 2     | 10 | 2    | 3  | 3     | 4  |
| Norfolk                     | 4     | 10 | 2   | 9  | 2     | 7  | 2    | 0  | 3     | 4  |
| Lincoln                     | 5     | 9  | 3   | 10 | 3     | 0  | 2    | 1  | 0     | 0  |
| York                        | 6     | 1  | 4   | 3  | 3     | 6  | 2    | 3  | 4     | 1  |
| Durham                      | 6     | 2  | 4   | 0  | 0     | 0  | 2    | 5  | 0     | 0  |
| Northumberl.                | 5     | 2  | 3   | 3  | 2     | 9  | 2    | 2  | 0     | 0  |
| Cumberland                  | 6     | 9  | 4   | 0  | 3     | 2  | 2    | 8  | 3     | 7  |
| Westmorl.                   | 6     | 7  | 4   | 9  | 3     | 9  | 2    | 6  | 0     | 0  |
| Lancashire                  | 6     | 0  | 0   | 0  | 3     | 3  | 2    | 8  | 4     | 3  |
| Cheshire                    | 5     | 11 | 0   | 0  | 0     | 0  | 2    | 7  | 2     | 8  |
| Monmouth                    | 5     | 7  | 0   | 0  | 0     | 0  | 2    | 3  | 0     | 0  |
| Somerset                    | 5     | 10 | 0   | 0  | 3     | 1  | 2    | 2  | 3     | 6  |
| Devon                       | 5     | 4  | 0   | 0  | 2     | 9  | 1    | 8  | 3     | 10 |
| Cornwall                    | 5     | 4  | 0   | 0  | 2     | 9  | 1    | 9  | 0     | 0  |
| Dorset                      | 5     | 10 | 0   | 0  | 2     | 8  | 0    | 0  | 4     | 0  |
| Hants                       | 5     | 2  | 0   | 0  | 2     | 10 | 2    | 4  | 4     | 1  |
| Suffex                      | 5     | 0  | 0   | 0  | 0     | 0  | 2    | 3  | 0     | 0  |
| Kent                        | 5     | 4  | 0   | 0  | 2     | 11 | 2    | 6  | 3     | 5  |
| WALES.                      |       |    |     |    |       |    |      |    |       |    |
| North Wales                 | 6     | 1  | 4   | 1  | 3     | 7  | 0    | 0  | 0     | 0  |
| South Wales                 | 6     | 6  | 0   | 0  | 3     | 5  | 1    | 4  | 0     | 0  |

## STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

| AUGUST.    |          |        |  | 19-29-95-50-N.                   |                          |        |  |
|------------|----------|--------|--|----------------------------------|--------------------------|--------|--|
| BAROMETER. | THERMOM. | WIND.  |  | 20-30-03-48-W.                   |                          |        |  |
| 28-29-59   | 63       | W.     |  | 21-30-05                         | 56                       | W.     |  |
| 29-29-78   | 62       | N.N.W. |  | 22-30-07                         | 56                       | N.N.E. |  |
| 30-29-92   | 56       | W.     |  | 23-29-96                         | 55                       | N.     |  |
| 31-29-90   | 55       | E.     |  | 24-30-04                         | 57                       | N.     |  |
| SEPTEMBER. |          |        |  | 25-30-15                         | 66                       | N.N.E. |  |
| 1-29-74    | 55       | N.W.   |  | 26-30-27                         | 54                       | N.E.   |  |
| 2-30-05    | 60       | S.     |  | PRICES of STOCKS,                |                          |        |  |
| 3-29-69    | 65       | S.     |  | Sept 24, 1791.                   |                          |        |  |
| 4-29-47    | 65       | W.     |  | Bank Stock, shut                 | 3 per Ct. Ind. Ann shut  |        |  |
| 5-29-93    | 60       | W.     |  | 5 per Cent. Ann. 1785,           | India Bonds, —           |        |  |
| 6-29-95    | 65       | S.     |  | 117 $\frac{1}{2}$                | South Sea Stock, —       |        |  |
| 7-30-00    | 69       | S.     |  | New 4 per Cent. shut             | Old S. S. Ann. shut      |        |  |
| 8-30-20    | 65       | E.     |  | 3 per Cent. red. shut            | New S. S. Ann. —         |        |  |
| 9-29-92    | 66       | E.     |  | 8 per Cent. Conf. 89             | 3 per Cent. 1751, —      |        |  |
| 10-30-01   | 67       | E.     |  | $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$      | N. Navy & Vict. Bills    |        |  |
| 11-30-11   | 72       | E.     |  | 3 per Cent. 1726, —              | Exchequer Bills 28s.     |        |  |
| 12-30-13   | 65       | N.N.E. |  | Long Ann. shut                   | prem.                    |        |  |
| 13-30-15   | 57       | N.     |  | Ditto Short, 1778,               | Lot. Tick. 16l. 11s. 6d. |        |  |
| 14-30-25   | 63       | N.N.E. |  | shut                             | Irish Lottery Tickets,   |        |  |
| 15-30-21   | 65       | N.     |  | India Stock, 195 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | 7l. 14s.                 |        |  |
| 16-30-28   | 60       | W.     |  | 194 $\frac{1}{2}$                |                          |        |  |
| 17-30-10   | 60       | N.     |  |                                  |                          |        |  |
| 18-29-72   | 55       | W.     |  |                                  |                          |        |  |

T H E  
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,  
AND  
L O N D O N   R E V I E W,  
For   S E P T E M B E R   1791.

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T H O M A S   B A N K S,   E S Q.   R. A.

[ WITH A PORTRAIT. ]

With hope, or fear, or love, by turns,  
The Marble leaps, or shrinks, or burns,  
As SCULPTURE waves her hand :  
The varying Passions of the Mind,  
Her faithful handmaids are assign'd,  
And rise or fall by her command.  
When Life's exhausted lamps expire,  
When sinks to dust this mortal frame,  
She, like PROMETHEUS, grasps the fire,  
Her touch revives the lambent flame :  
While, phoenix-like, the Statesman, Bard, or Sage,  
Spring fresh to life, and breathe through ev'ry age.

SCULPTURE attained to a degree of excellence among the Greeks, which the succeeding ages of the world have never reached. Such a triumph of Grecian over Modern Art may, perhaps, be naturally ascribed to a genial climate, that gave such a temperament of body as tended to produce fine sensations; to a language of great strength, copiousness, and harmony; to the public honours bestowed on the cultivators of literature; to the emulation excited among the young men, by exhibitions of their works at the solemn Games; to a contempt of the arts of lucre and commerce, which so much engross and debase the minds of the Moderns; and above all, to an exemption from loading their natural faculties with learning and languages, with which we in these latter times are obliged to qualify ourselves, if we aspire to the fame of taste and literature. It may be also added, that those diseases which are so destructive of beauty were unknown to the Greeks. There is not the least hint of the small-pox to be found in the writings of their physicians; and *Homer*, whose portraits are always drawn with much truth and precision,

mentions not one face that had suffered from the indented marks of that disorder. Other complaints now so hostile to the exterior beauty of the human form, had not yet a name.

In *Greece*, the Artist enjoyed nature without a veil; the Gymnasies, where, sheltered by public modesty, the youth exercised themselves naked, were the Schools of Art. These a *Phidias* would frequent to improve himself by such a spectacle;—there he studied the elasticity of the muscles, the ever-varying motions of the frame, the outlines of the finest forms, or the contour left by the young wrestler on the sand. Here naked beauty appeared with such a lively expression, such truth and variety of situation, and such an air of dignity, as it would be ridiculous to expect, and indeed hopeless to find, in any hired model of our Academies. Besides, the fairest youths danced undressed on the theatre, and *Sophocles* himself, when young, was the first who dared in this manner to entertain his fellow-citizens. *Phryne* went to bathe at the *Eleusinian Games*, exposed to the eyes of all *Greece*, and, rising from the water, became the model

model of *Venus Anadyomene*. Even, on certain solemnities, the young Spartan maidens did not hesitate to join in the public dances in the simple dress of nature. A religion whose duties consisted of the personified passions, and the representation of which called forth the most enthusiastic exertions of sculpture, was another very commanding advantage to aid the decided predominance possessed by the Sculptors of Greece. Their works, even in a mutilated state, are still considered as models of proportion, beauty, and character; are contemplated with enthusiastic veneration, and imitated as examples which at the same time teach and inspire the excellence of the modern chisel. *Bernini*, however, formed a false notion of *grace*; and the genius of *Michael Angelo* seems almost to have despised it; though *grace, simple grace alone*, places the remains of ancient art, even of a secondary merit, above the finest productions of those great men.

If Italy, therefore, with advantages, in some particulars, similar to those of Greece, cannot, in any degree, rival the models of ancient sculpture, which the tooth of time, the ravages of war and barbarian fanaticism has spared her, it cannot be a matter for astonishment that Sculpture has made but few advances to excellence in this country, where there is so little local advantage, and, till the present period, so little encouragement given to the fine arts, and whose very climate has been said to be too cold for statues.

Britain may, however, at length boast an Artist, who rivals, if he does not surpass, the first Sculptors of any country of the present period. Mr. BANKS has in his works, and for the honour of British taste and patronage, there ought to have been many more of them, produced examples of his skill, which afford us every reason to expect, that Sculpture will, at length, be naturalized in, and give splendour to, the rising School of British Arts.

The Monument to the memory of *Sir Eyre Coote*, in Westminster Abbey, is the work of Mr. Banks; and, without degrading the best sepulchral marbles in that magnificent mausoleum of British Worthies, we do not hesitate to pronounce its decided superiority. The whole composition of the piece is simple, grand, and of admirable connection. The figure of Victory is finely conceived, and executed with the truth and spirit of a great master. But the MAHRATTA CAPTIVE—and here we make a pause, not with doubt as to the measure of praise we shall bestow, but

from the powerful effect which the bare remembrance of the figure has upon the mind of the writer—is the most original, as well as the finest sepulchral statue of modern, or, perhaps, of any times. One touch more of the chisel, and there would have been too much;—one touch less, and there would have been too little. It is an example of that small, nice, indistinct line by which Nature divides completeness from superfluity. Never, surely, did the monumental alabaster wear a form so perfect, so appropriate, so affecting. It is a consummate work, and combines all the powers of a superior mind. It is perfectly original, and therefore proves *invention*;—it possesses that harmony of various parts which constitutes *beauty*;—it discovers that manly strength, freedom and steadiness of hand which denote superior *execution*; and in the sedate dignified character of its grief, there is distinguished a genuine characteristic grace and simplicity. In short, the genius of Mr. Banks, and it belongs only to a genius of the first order to do such things, has given the true attribute of nature, and of the most difficult execution, to this astonishing breast.

Grace, simplicity, and sepulchral effect, are finely expressed and fully produced by the monument erected in the church of St. Mary Le Bow to the memory of Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol. The figures are beautifully characteristic, and would not fail to produce the most solemn impressions in the mind of the contemplative beholder, even if it were not their office to guard the remains of worth, learning, and piety, which repose beneath them.

The statue representing Filial Affection, the model of which was in the last year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and is designed to give a mournful grace to a Mausoleum in Ireland, is another charming example of the skill with which this Artist can personify the finest sentiments of the human heart.

Sculpture, indeed, in this country, has hitherto been almost exclusively confined to the Tomb and the Chimney-piece. But with a spirit which at the same time gives vigour and dignity to all their undertakings, the BOYDELLS have called the genius of Mr. BANKS to adorn their SHAKESPEARE GALLERY.—They have summoned the first sculptor of their country to decorate with his art the distinguished edifice which contains the works of the first painters of it; and we may surely indulge a sentiment beyond a mere solitary hope, that this eminent Artist will be eagerly employed by the rich and great to enrich their

their palaces with the beauties of his sculpture.

The *Alto Relievo* on the front of the SHAKSPEARE GALLERY is a proud example of British Art: nor do we express more than our honest impressions on the reiterated examination of it, when we consider it, in the beauty and appropriation of its design, as well as the power of its execution, as the most perfect piece of sculpture that has yet been produced by a native of Great Britain. We shall even add an opinion, that if it were placed on a public building in ROME, it would not fail to command the admiration of men whose eyes are accustomed to behold the finest remains, and perhaps the noblest exertions of Grecian sculpture. The figure of *Shakspeare* must be considered as a portrait. The similitude to former statues and pictures of the poet has, therefore, been a necessary object of attention; but the genius of the Sculptor has super-added a characteristic dignity to the figure, and very skilfully applied itself to the management of a dress, which, though essential to the *costume*, is by no means calculated to display the graces of the chisel. The figures of Poetry and Painting are of the most chaste and beautiful design.—*Democritus* recommends artists to pray to the Gods that they may meet only with auspicious

images; and from the forms under our consideration, we might presume that Mr. Banks had offered such prayers, and that they had been granted. The contour, that perfection of the Antients, reigns in every part of the figures which is covered with drapery; and their beautiful frames seem to pierce the marble, as if it were no more than a transparent vesture.

Though the works of Mr. BANKS, as we have already observed, are by no means so numerous as his pre-eminent merit deserves, we might, if it were necessary, continue to enumerate a few more of them which are of superior excellence. It is sufficient, however, for our present purpose, to point out such of his sculptures as are more immediately beneath the inspection of the public. He has already done enough for his fame, if he has not for his fortune. We trust it is impossible but that such a genius as he is known to possess, must continue to be employed wherever the powers of sculpture are wanting for memorials of the dead, or the splendour of the living. Mr. Banks may, however, possess this consolation, that if he were never more to take up his chisel, he has already attained the first rank among the artists of his age and country.

(See an account of Mr. BANKS in the European Mag. of July 1790, p. 23.)

#### ANECDOTES of the PITT FAMILY.

THOMAS PITT, esq. grandfather of the late Earl of Chatham, and great-grandfather of the present Prime Minister, was born at Blandford, in the county of Dorset. His family was a very ancient and respectable one, which had been long seated in that county\*. In the latter part of the last century, he went to the East Indies, and was some time Governor of Port St. George, then the chief settlement there. In that situation he acquired the great fortune, great at least for the time, which he possessed, and which it appears he employed, on his return to England, in a manner greatly to his honour. About the year 1709 or 1710, he quitted his situation at Fort St. George, and was succeeded by a brother of the celebrated Mr. Addison†. In the year 1711 we find him returned to England, and settled at his native place; where, at the expence of 200l. he almost rebuilt the Church, except the tower, and neatly paved and pewed the whole, adding also a north aisle for his burial-place.

At the entrance of this aisle is placed the following inscription:

To the Glory of God,  
THO. PITT, Esq. of this place,  
In the year of our Lord 1711,  
Very much repaired and beautified this Church;

Dedicating his substance to his Maker  
In that place where he himself was first  
Dedicated to his service.

In this pious action  
He is alone his own example and copy;  
This being but one specimen of many of  
the like nature.

Thus, by building God's houses,  
He has wisely laid a most sure foundation  
for his own;

And by honouring the name of the Almighty, has

Transmitted himself to posterity,  
By such actions as deserve, not only this  
perishing  
Register, but also to be had in everlasting  
Remembrance.

\* See Hutchins's Dorsetshire, vol. i. p. 54.

† Literary Relicks, 1789, p. 396.

In 1716 he was made Governor of Jamaica, but resigned that post in 1717. He was Member of Parliament in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth, Parliaments of Great Britain, for Old Sarum and Thirk. Besides the Church of Blandford St. Mary, he repaired and beautified, at his own expence, that of Stratford, in Wiltshire, and rebuilt Abbotston, in Hampshire. He died April 28, 1726, and was buried at Blandford.

The most extraordinary incident in this Gentleman's life was, his obtaining and disposing of the celebrated diamond which is still called by his name. It was purchased by him, during the time he was Governor of Fort St. George, for 48,000 pagodas, *i. e.* 20,400l. sterling, instead of 200,000, which the seller first asked for it. It was consigned to Sir Stephen Evance, Knt. in London, in the ship Bedford, Captain John Hudson, Commander, by a bill of lading, dated March 8, 1701-2, and charged to the Captain at 6500 pagodas only. It was reckoned the largest jewel in Europe, and weighed one hundred and twenty-seven carats. When polished, it was as big as a pullet's egg. The cuttings amounted to eight or ten thousand pounds\*.

"I am well informed," says Mr. Jefferys †, it was sold for 135,000l. to the Duke of Orleans ‡, on account of the French King, I think about the year 1717; but 5000l. thereof was given and spent in negotiating the sale of it. Now admitting it was sold for 135,000l. it is rating the stone but at 7l. 5s. 6d. *per* carat, with an overplus of 628l. 13s. 6d. which any one may know that is acquainted with the rule exhibited in the treatise. Again, the workmanship of the stone cost 5000l. so the diamond itself was sold but for

130,000l. which is but 903l. 18s. 9d. above 7l. *per* carat.

"And this is a price much below its real worth, even at this time, in which diamonds bear not the value they did then; inasmuch as 8l. *per* carat is now the price of a stone of the mean or middle sort, not burthened with a useles and hurtful weight; therefore it being valued so much below one of that degree of goodness cannot be just, although it hath so much exuberant weight, if what is generally said of it be true, which is, that it approaches near to one of the first water, and hath only a small foul or spot in it, and that lying in such a manner as not to be discerned when the stone is set. Wherefore I judge it may be rated at least at 8l. *per* carat; which will make its present weight amount to 149,609l. 10s. and I conceive it will not be over-valuing it to estimate it at 150,000l."

It appears, that the acquisition of this diamond occasioned many reflections injurious to the honour of Governor Pitt; and Mr. Pope has been thought to have had the insinuations then floating in the world in his mind when he wrote the following lines:

"Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,  
"An honest factor stole a gem away;  
"He pledg'd it to the Knight; the  
"Knight had wit;  
"So kept the di'mond, and the rogue was  
"bit."

These reports, however, never obtained much credit, though they were loud enough to reach the ears of the person against whom they were directed, who condescended to vindicate himself against the aspersions thrown out upon him. This vindication is said to have been completely satisfactory §.

\* It seems, according to Laffels, to have been more valuable than the Great Duke of Tuscany's diamond, which was thought to have been the finest in Europe, almost an inch thick, weighing one hundred and thirty-eight carats, and worth between jeweller and jeweller 100 000 crowns, and between Prince and Prince 150,000 crowns. Both these were much exceeded by a diamond brought in 1746 from the Brasils to the King of Portugal, which weighed 1680 carats and a half, and was valued at 224,000,000l. sterling.

† Abstract of the second edition of the Treatise on Diamonds and Pearls.

‡ It is said in a late Writer, that the Regent hesitated at an expence which the revenue did not seem in a condition to bear. But St. Simon represented to him, "That it was below the dignity of the King of France to be deterred by the price from purchasing a piece which, as being singular in its kind, was of inestimable value, and would be an honour to the Crown to possess." *Anquetil's Memoirs of the Court of France*, vol. ii. p. 351. This Writer also says, that the diamond weighed more than five hundred grains, was of the size of a large plum, perfectly white, without spot, and of an admirable water. Two millions were paid for it, and the seller was allowed to keep the filings. As the sum could not be paid in ready money, interest was given.

§ In the Daily Post, Nov. 3, 1743, is a vindication of Mr. Pitt, which mentions, that he had frequent dealings with the merchant who sold him the diamond after that transaction; and when he quitted India he left a considerable sum of money in his hands. We should be obliged to any of our correspondents for the loan of that newspaper.

At the funeral of Mr. Pitt, a Sermon was preached at Blandford St. Mary, May 21, 1726, by Richard Eyre, M. A. Canon Residentiary of Sarum, from which we shall extract the following passages :

" I believe few men pass through the world without some share of those sufferings which we may allow to be called unjust, if we look no further than the hand of the oppressor who does the wrong, or the tongue of the slanderer, which this person (*i. e.* Mr. Pitt), whose prosperity was so wonderful, could not escape. That he should have enemies is no wonder, when Envy will make them; and when their malice could reach him no other way, it is as little to be wondered at, that they should make such an attempt upon his credit by an abusive story, as if it had been by some stretch of his power that he got that diamond which was of too great value for any subject to purchase; an ornament more fitly becoming an imperial crown; which, if it be considered, may be one reason why it was brought to the Governor by the merchant who sold it in the Indies; and it was brought to him more than once or twice, before he could be persuaded to part with so great a sum of money for it as it cost him; of which (if I may be allowed in this place to take so much notice of it) I have seen an authentic and clear account, such as I will venture to say, will entirely satisfy every good or reasonable man, that *that story* could have no foundation but in the malice of him who invented it.

" And if, when such a viper fastened on an innocent person, any of you were prompted too hastily to think the worse of him, when you see it shaken off, it must change your opinion, and may well raise your thoughts of him who bore so horrid an abuse with so much patience, as, for his more effectual vindication, to wait the time of his going to appear before God, to whom he makes his appeal in the most solemn manner for the truth of that account which he left to be opened at his death.

" This abuse, I am inclined to believe, might occasion his taking more particular notice of a short admonition which, with others he had collected for his use, was found in his own hand with the paper I mentioned before; it was in three words only, *Learn to suffer*. The first of those monitory maxims (which had, as it deserved, the first place in his thoughts) was *Trust in God*; and that which followed next, *Pray to him often* (and accordingly he was known to retire very constantly

to his closet for that purpose); *Oppress not the Poor*, was another; and the last was, to remember the last thing he had to do, *Remember to die*.

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WILLIAM, EARL OF CHATHAM, was educated at Eton, from whence he went to Oxford. The following is an Extract from the Register in the Buriall in Trinity College, fo. 258.

" Ego GULIELMUS PITT, filius ROBERTI PITT, Armigeri, de Old Sarum, natus Londini, in Parochia Sancti Jacobi; annorum circiter 18 admiffus sum commensalis primi ordinis sub tutamine Magistri Stockwell, Jan. die 10, 1726."

The poetical talents of Lord Chatham have been often mentioned, though we do not know any specimen of his talents in this way entirely free from suspicion of forgery. The following Latin Verses on the death of King George the First, being certainly genuine, will be deemed worthy of notice :

" Angliacæ vos O præsentia Numina  
" gentis

" Libertas, atque alma Themis ! Neptune  
" Britanni

" Tu Pater Oceani ! (si jam pacata  
" Georgi.

" Imperio tua perlabi licet æquora) vestro  
" (Triste Ministerium !) pia solvite mu-

" nera Regi.

" At teneri planctus absint, mollesque  
" querelæ

" Herois tumulto : quas mors descendæ  
" requirit,

" Gesta ventant lacrymas, justæque su-  
" perbia laudis.

" Instare horribiles longe lateque tu-  
" multus ;

" Hic super Hispanos violenta tumescere  
" Campos

" Belli diluvies, illic ad flumina Rheni  
" Ardentes furibundus equos immittere

" Mavors !

" Heu quam in se miseri ciadem stra-  
" gesque cierent !

" Quot fortes caderent animæ ! quot  
" gurgite torquens

" Sanguineo Fluvius morientia corpora  
" in altum

" Volveret Oceanum ! ni Te succurrere  
" Sæcio

" Te solum, visum superis, Auguste,  
" labenti.

" Tu miserans hominum Pacem super  
" astra volantem,

" Imperio retines, terræque revivere cogis.  
" Dextera quid potuit, primis ubi fervor

" in armis

" Impulit

" Impulit ulcisci Patriam, Populosque  
 " gementes,  
 " Turrarum dicant Acies, versisque co-  
 " hortas  
 " Turbatæ signis; dicat perterrita Buda;  
 " Invitaque tuos prætollet laude trium-  
 " phos,  
 " Fulmina cum attonitum contra tor-  
 " quenda tyrannum  
 " Vidit, et intremuit. Rerum at jam  
 " lenior ordo  
 " Arrisit, gladiumque manus consueta  
 " rotare  
 " (Majus opus!) gratæ prætendit signa  
 " quietis.  
 " Quare agite, O Populi, tantarum in  
 " munere laudum  
 " Sternite humum foliis. Sed vos ante  
 " omnia Musæ  
 " Cæsarem ad astra feretis; amavit vos  
 " quoque Cæsar  
 " Vestraque cum placida Laurus concrevit  
 " Oliva.  
 " Felix, qui potuit Mundi cohibere  
 " tumultus!  
 " Fortunatus et ille, ægri Solamen Amoris  
 " Qui subit Angliacis, tanti audit nomi-  
 " nis Hæres.  
 " Auspice Te, cives agitans Discordia,  
 " ludo

" Heu fatiata nimis! Furias amnemque  
 " severum  
 " Cocytii repetat, propriisque perhorreat  
 " Angues.  
 " At secura Quies, metuens et gratia  
 " culpæ  
 " Te circumvolent. Themis hinc cœ-  
 " lestis, et illinc  
 " Sustinet folium Clementia. Tu quoque  
 " magnam  
 " Partem habes opere in tanto, Carolina,  
 " labore  
 " Imperii recreans fessum: nam Maxi-  
 " mus Ille  
 " Te colit, atque animi Sensum Tibi  
 " credit opertum  
 " Curarum Conforti, et multo Pignore  
 " junctæ.  
 " Inclyta Progenie! Tibi quam dilecta  
 " Tonanti  
 " Latona invadeat, quam vel Berecynthia  
 " Mater  
 " Centum enixa Deos; si qua Hæc sint  
 " Dona Britannis.  
 " Propria, sintque precor, referant et  
 " Utrumque Paretem.  
 " GUL. PITT, e Coll. Trin.  
 " Socio Commens.

## LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

[ WITH A THIRD VIEW OF IT. ]

**H**AVING nothing farther to add to the Descriptions we have given, in former Numbers, of this celebrated Monastery, we shall accompany the present View of it with some farther EXTRACTS from the ALBUM of these FATHERS, which have been obligingly communicated to us by a Correspondent.

INSCRIPT. XXXII.

M. LE PRINCE D'ELBEUX.

*J'ai vu avec édification ces lieux ha-  
 bités par les Saints.*

JOSEPH DE LORRAINE,

PRINCE D'ELBEUX.

INSCRIPT. XXXIII.

Mr. HUNT.

With the sincerest gratitude, I acknowledge the politeness and hospitality with which I have been received by these most reverend and respectable Fathers!

With silent wonder, with pleased astonishment, I admire and adore the powerful hand of my Creator, in the construction of these awful scenes that surround me.

May the impression they now make be never effaced! But may religion, for the remaining part of my life, be my ultimate view—my principal concern.

O Curas Hominum—Quantum est in Rebus Inane.

Sept. 5, 1786.

GEORGE HUNT

INSCRIPT. XXXIV.

MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK.

*Je suis arrivé à la Grande Chartreuse ce  
 15<sup>me</sup> de Mai, 1762—et je suis parti le  
 même jour, comblé des Bienfaits & des  
 Politesse pour le Reverend Père General &  
 les autres Officiers de cette Société, & plein  
 de reconnaissance pour toutes leur Bontés!*

LE MARQUIS DE TAVISTOCK,  
 ANGLAIS.

INSCRIPT. XXXV.

Mr. WILKES.

I had the happiness of passing the entire day of July 24<sup>th</sup>, 1765, in this romantic place, with the good fathers of the Grande Chartreuse, and I reckon it amongst the most agreeable of my life. I was charmed with the hospitality and politeness I met with, and edified by the conversation of the Père General, and the Père Coadjuteur. The astonishing height of the mountain, the savageness of the rocks, the gloom of the woods, and the perfect solitude, conspire to make the mind pensive, and lull to rest all the turbulent, guilty passions of a vain, wicked world. I felt much regret at leaving the place and the good fathers, but I carry with me the liveliest sense of their goodness.

JOHN WILKES.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I send you an ORIGINAL LETTER from the late EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, in his own hand-writing. It has no direction, having been transmitted in an envelope; but I have the best authority to assure you; that it was addressed to the late unfortunate Dr. WILLIAM DODD.

I am, &c.

C. D.

LORD CHESTERFIELD to Dr. DODD.

*Blackheath, July the 19th, 1766.*

SIR,

I WILL not begin this Letter with the common-place expression of *I should be very glad to serve you were I able*, which is much oftener a civil denial than a pledge of services really intended to be performed; but I hope that you will give a juster and more favourable interpretation to the assurance of my good wishes for you, however unavailing. As for any direct application from me to the King, it is utterly impossible. I have made my court but once to him since he came to the Crown, and that was in the first week; since when I have never seen his face, and probably he has never heard

my name. Moreover, it would be wholly useless to you; for reasons which I will tell you when I have [*the*] pleasure to see you next. If you think that my writing to Lord Hertford in your behalf can be of any service to you (which I do not think it can), I shall very readily do it; and if the Duke of Newcastle should retain the Ecclesiastical Department, I will apply to him, and not without some hopes of success: but further this deponent saith not, because farther is not in his power.

I am, with great truth and esteem,

SIR,

Your most faithful  
humble servant,  
CHESTERFIELD.

# T H U A N U S.

The following excellent Character of this Historian was the production of the celebrated EARL GRANVILLE. It was originally published by Mr. BUCKLEY, the Editor of the splendid edition of this Author, in one of his fugitive preparatory publications. Lord Granville's performance is so little known as to have entirely escaped the notice of the writer of his life in the "Biographia Britannica." We deem it too important to be lost, and therefore insert it at the desire of a Correspondent, to whom we acknowledge our obligations for transmitting it to us.

THUANUS is an historian of the first rank, with respect to the extensiveness and dignity of his subject, which he has related in the most proper and ornamental style. No writer ever did more honour to his country. He always vindicated the just rights of France, and has furnished his countrymen with solid arguments to maintain them. The rights of the House of Bourbon are by him set in the clearest light. Yet such were the times in which he lived, that the Courtiers at Paris were not ashamed to sacrifice him to the resentments of the Court of Rome, with this aggravation, that his own hero, Henry the Fourth, was unsteady in his defence, and suffered this most learned, candid, and free-spirited Frenchman, his most faithful subject and useful friend, to

be insulted by priests and bigots, who would, if they could, have suppressed this immortal work: and this is an instance in which Henry the Fourth did not shew his usual grandeur of mind, but was wanting to himself in not supporting a man he loved and esteemed, and was obliged to, against the iniquity of persons he despised. Whoever reads this History with attention will see, that Thuanus speaks truth of himself, when he says, that he rather declined honours at court than sought them, and that he placed his whole dignity and security in a good conscience. Though the work is long collectively considered, yet it is not long in its respective parts. He leads the reader through the whole world, is very entertaining in whatever he writes, and for the most part is very instructive.

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It is not to be expected that he could be so exact in what he writes of foreign countries, as he is in what relates to his own. The principal value of his work consists in what he delivers concerning the courts of Rome, France, and Spain; and, in treating the transactions of those courts, he is to be looked upon as an original historian. There are many curious matters relating to Germany, but as they are taken from other writers, he has not the merit of being the original in that respect; but yet his copy, if we may so call it, exceeds infinitely all the originals in beauty and ornament of writing. There are many curious things relating to several courts in Italy, some of which are to be found nowhere else. As to the Low Countries, he gives the best and fullest account, from the beginning of the troubles to the truce set on foot in 1607, of any author extant. The great revolution in Portugal after the death of Don Sebastian, is admirably told *Ann.* 1579. As to the Turkish matters, and the affairs of the Xeriffes in Africa, he exceeds all who have written upon them, and he seems to take a particular delight in them, from the novelty and surprising incidents that occur in them. He makes excursions into America, as also into the remote parts of the East. He gives a very good account of Poland, Hungary, Transylvania, and Wallachia, and the affairs of the House of Austria with those countries. He gives us enough of Muscovy, Sweden, and Denmark, Prussia, and Livonia; and in all those particulars is highly entertaining. As to England, it must be confessed he is not always exact; but some mistakes, concerning the legal part of our constitution, and juridical matters, are very excusable in a foreigner. He does justice to the nation in great points, and Queen Elizabeth's reign appears nowhere in greater nor truer lustre than in his History. As to Scotland, he follows Buchanan for the most part, as far as that author goes, and adds credit to him. Those who find fault with so great a performance upon little inaccuracies relating to foreign countries, shew but small experience in public affairs, by imagining that he could have exact accounts of all the foreign countries in Europe, as to their domestic state, and what related wholly to themselves. There were few that could give him perfect accounts of their own countries, and the most careful and judicious may too often be mistaken. Whatever transaction any court had with France is accurately related, and the variety of his subjects affords great en-

tertainment and relief in reading; but the chief value and utility of his History consists in his relations concerning the three courts of Rome, France, and Spain, which at that time gave the spring to the affairs of the whole world.

In this great work several kinds of history are contained, distinct from the principal objects: as in particular the progress of literature, which is interwoven with wonderful art and labour in the account of about 400 persons, who within that time were considerable in the several parts of the world for their learned works: and in this his humanity is apparent, in censuring none too severely. But as he touches faults gently, so he gives due praise where it is deserved, without distinction upon the account either of religion or country; and for this the court of Rome was highly incensed against him: his work was censured, as if written by an heretic: however, the church of Rome had the credit to have Thuanus live and die in her communion. The Romish emissaries have pretended that the posthumous work, or continuation of the History from the 80th book, was to be suspected; but as that proves itself to be genuine by its style and inimitable freedom of spirit, intirely agreeable to what he published in his lifetime and set his name to; so Mr. Buckley has given us convincing proofs, that Lingelsheim's was the *parata editio*.

The symmetry and contexture of the whole work cannot be sufficiently admired: and it is so rich in materials, that if it was broken into parts, and those ranged under their respective heads, it would make several excellent histories; all which would be substantial and concise, and sought after with eagerness by the generality of readers. Whereas taking them all together, five volumes in folio, in Latin, for about sixty years only, deter many from venturing upon them; but the new edition will diminish that apprehension, by making proper divisions, by which it will appear, that almost everywhere, in half an hour's reading, there is to be found a proper pause.

It is now about 100 years since any edition of this History has been published: and as few of them are beautiful, and none of them can stand singly, we are much obliged to Mr. Buckley for undertaking so useful and expensive a work; which will be some honour to England, when it comes out, as it will do justice to one of the best historians and truest advocates for liberty that ever wrote.

## THE PIOUS OLD MAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE fine summer's evening, fatigued with the heat of the day, I left my cottage to breathe the fresh air. The radiant sun took its course into Thetis's lap, and its shades, descending from the mountains tops, already spread themselves over the plain.

Soon I lost sight of the hamlet in which I dwelt, and of the thundering forges, where with affrighted eye we see Vulcan's sons armed with long pincers draw from the burning furnace the sparkling iron, which they plunge into the hissing spring.

The shepherds were conducting from every part their numerous flocks, playing on their oaken pipes and reeds; the oxen with slow-paced steps were returning from their daily labour.

I wandered in the country, where I only heard the distant sounds of heavy hammers with redoubled strokes falling on their resounding anvils. I insensibly advanced, and lost the ungrateful sound as I got farther off. How charming is solitude in a retreat we admire, where we can contemplate at ease! Whilst I continued my walk, I perceived that Night's sable veil had covered the earth: far from alarming me, it became agreeable. Ah! how delicious is the view of a beautiful night.

The air was clear and serene—a cloudless sky, covered with bright stars, embellished the azure dome. Luna arose and spread herself around, and added fresh charms to the rural scene. That likeness of day caused by her borrowed light shining through the woods and cottages, inspires a sweet melancholy. All Nature reposes—scarcely is heard the murmuring of the purling brook which waters the enamelled mead. What a universal calm! This awful silence filled my soul with religious and noble sentiments.

I stopped near a smooth lake bordered with willows and poplars, betwixt the branches of which appeared some scattered huts. By the means of the moon's silver beams, with delight I contemplated on the nobleness of the heavenly arch reflected in the stream; and the trees, which seemed to lengthen and flee their leaves, agitated by the breath of the gentle zephyr, trembled and floated in the faithful mirror of the stagnate pool.

I seated myself in a neighbouring bower to reflect at leisure on so many wonders: there I delivered myself up to all the con-

templation that so beautiful a scene could inspire, when the sound of a voice drew my soul from the enchantment in which it was plunged. That sound seemed to proceed at a little distance off. I drew back, without a noise, the thick branches, through which I perceived, not afar off, a venerable old man—his head almost bald—his face noble and serene—his floating beard, whitened by the length of years, imprinted on each beholder a holy respect—he was on his knees at the foot of an oak, whose aged trunk still produced young branches—his eyes raised towards Heaven, which he addressed with ardour. I listened in silence, and heard this noble and feeling prayer, which proceeded from a heart full of the Divinity which it invoked.

“O Thou of whom all Nature manifests with so much grandeur the existence and infinite power, Father of mankind! from the height of that sublime throne which is surrounded by innumerable choirs of pure spirits, who are enlivened by thy love, are animated by thy flame, and unceasingly celebrate on their golden harps thy divine praises! deign a moment to hearken to a feeble mortal, and receive his homage. In the midst of the silence of night I raise my voice; I repair to adore that Eternal Creator which has drawn me from nothing. The universe, great God, is thy temple. The solar ray which enlightens the day, is thy image; the heaven covered during the night with sparkling stars forms thy crown; the immense atmosphere is the dome of thy magnificent temple, where the innocent and pious man is the priest. O! how can senseless mortals forget that universal and visible wisdom which governs the world with so much splendour; the aspect of those radiant globes which roll above the clouds; or those deep seas which encompass the earth, and transport to different nations the treasures spread with so much profusion on its surface. How, surrounded by so many prodigies, can they forget the Author!

“Blessed be thy supreme power! who hast given me birth in these fields, far from corrupted cities, and hast never suffered my heart to possess pride and ambition. Thanks to thy divine goodness, I have enjoyed for many years the real blessings of life, peace of mind, and a happy mediocrity. Thou hast never ceased to lavish thy gifts on me; my latter days are all still

marked with thy favours: a plentiful harvest fills my granaries; thou waterest my meadows; thou causest fecundity to my flocks; thou fertilisest my vineyards; thy hand covers my trees with blossoms and fruit, which were never blasted by the northern winds; and to complete my felicity, thou hast preserved my peaceful companion and my dear offspring, whose tenderness adds charms to our aged days. I have nothing left to wish for but to die before them. I feel, ere long, I must pay the debt of nature; soon I shall add my ashes to those of my ancestors. When I have descended to the tomb, protector of my youth, I recommend my children—take pity on them and on their aged mother: watch from thy celestial throne over their dear lives. O my God, do not abandon them!"

On finishing these words his eyes were filled with tears; deep sighs arose from

his heart; he could scarcely breathe. I imagined I beheld something divine shine on the features of this venerable sage. He arose, and with slow steps entered his dwelling, where I still heard him for some time bless the Omnipotent Being. Now Aurora began to gild the neighbouring hills; the birds already fluttered amongst the thick branched trees, and began their sweet warbling; the rabbits browsed on the tender grass, which was covered by the rosy dew, whilst the yelping hounds pursued the timid hare: the laborious hind harnessed to the plough the lowing oxen; the lambskins leave their pens in bleating flocks, scattered over the plain, followed by the shepherd singing rustical airs, their features enlivened by the first rays of the rising sun, who had just left the silent wave. My soul touched and ravished by what it had heard and seen, I arose and regained in peace my rural dwelling.

### ORIGINAL ACCOUNT of the REVOLUTION at DELHI, the CAPITAL of the MOGUL EMPIRE.

Written by an ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, resident there, in order to be inserted in the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR, DELHI, Feb. 20, 1789.

YOU expressed a wish in your last favour, to be informed of the late horrid commotions at this place. As I have always endeavoured to execute every command of yours, and anticipate every wish, I now sit down to sketch, as well as I am able, the shocking scenes of cruelty, villainy, and barbarism, that have been acted here within these four months. Although I am certain the perusal of them will hurt much the delicacy of your feelings, yet I had rather err in that point, than be accused of neglect. First I must begin by giving a short biographical account of Gholam Khadur, the author of the Revolution.

GHOLAM KHADUR was the son of Zabda Khan. His father disinherited him, and drove him from his presence, on account of his vices and his crimes. Shaw Allum, the King of Delhi, took him under his protection, treated him as his own son, and conferred on him the first title in the kingdom, Amere ul Omraow. He lived with the King, and raised a body of about 8000 troops of his own countrymen, the Moghuls, which he commanded. Gholam Khadur was of a very passionate temper, haughty, cruel, ungrateful, and a great debauchee, as will appear.—In the latter end of the year

1788, the King had formed suspicions, and they were founded, that some of the neighbouring Rajahs (Princes) would make an attempt to plunder and destroy his territories. These suspicions were verified by the approach of a considerable army towards his capital, commanded by Imael Beg Khan, and assisted by Scindia. Gholam Khadur told the King, on this, that he had nothing to fear; that he had an army sufficiently strong to oppose the enemy; that all the King had to do was to march out with his troops, give them a supply of cash, and he would lay his head on the enemy's being overcome. The King on this replied, that he had no money to carry on a contest. Gholam Khadur said, that this objection would soon be obviated, as he (Gholam Khadur) would advance the necessary supply of cash, and that all his Majesty had to do was to head the army:—"This, said he, will animate them, and give them confidence—the presence of a Monarch is above half the battle." The King agreed, in appearance, and requested Gholam Khadur to assemble the army, pay their arrears, and inform them of his intentions. —Gholam Khadur retired contented; but great was his astonishment when he intercepted the next day a letter from the King

to Scindia, desiring him to make as much haste as possible, and destroy Gholam Khadur; for, says he, Khadur wishes me to act contrary to my wishes, and oppose you. On the discovery of this piece of treachery, Gholam Khadur marched out with his Moghuls, crossed the Jumna, and encamped on the other side opposite the fort of Delhi. He sent to the King the intercepted letter, and asked him, if his conduct did not deserve to be punished by the loss of his Throne?—"Shortly I shall bestow on you the due rewards for your villainy."

The English had about 2000 troops at Anouphahur, a town about 70 miles from Delhi, the residence of the King. Gholam Khadur naturally expected, that if he attempted any thing against the King, our troops would move to his assistance, as we were his allies; and the King, on the hostile appearance of Gholam Khadur, had written to Lord Cornwallis to beg assistance. Awed, in a great degree, by these suspicions, he kept aloof for some time, and had spies in our camp to inform him if they had any intentions of moving to succour the King. The spies informed him, that from the appearance of things, and from what they could learn, they believed the troops had not the smallest thoughts of marching. Gholam Khadur, still doubting their intelligence, began to fire powder only at the citadel, from across the river, in order to ascertain with certainty whether the English would assist the King. After a few days firing, he perceived that the troops had really no thoughts of moving, as Lord Cornwallis, with his usual good sense and humanity, had informed the King, and the Nawab Vazcer (the latter having likewise requested help for the Monarch), that he could not possibly give assistance. Khadur, thus rid of his fears, began to besiege the fort in earnest, and carried it in a few days. He entered the palace in arms, slew to the King's chamber, insulted the old man in the most barbarous manner, knocked him down, kneeled down on his breast, and with his knife took out one of his eyes. He ordered a servant of the King's to take out the other: the man refused, saying, that he could not possibly think of hurting the person by whom he had been fed and clothed; on his refusal, Gholam Khadur ordered the faithful servant's head to be struck off: the order was instantly obeyed. He ordered another to perform the horrid operation: that fellow, frightened by the fate of his predecessor,

and fear for his life, did as he was bid. Thus a poor old man of seventy! a Monarch whose infirmities were the result of old age, fell beneath the hand of a Nero! And why? Because the English Government did not attempt to save him, and maintain their character for humanity by assisting the helpless and unfortunate. If the troops at Anouphahur had only put on the appearance of moving to the King's assistance, it would have saved his eyes, his person from insult, his kingdom, and even the persons of his daughters and wives from the lust and barbarity of a brute, an ungrateful brute, and his horrid gang!—What must be the feelings of a generous mind to hear of such acts of cruelty!

Gholam Khadur after this gave up the palace to pillage, and went to the King's Zannana (the residence of his women) and insulted the ladies; tore their jewels from their noses and ears, and off their arms and legs. As he had lived with the King, he was well acquainted with the different places where the King's treasures were hid: he dug up the floor of the King's own bed-room, and found there two chests, containing in specie 120,000 gold mohurs, or 192,000*l.* sterling: this he took, and vast sums more. To get at the hidden jewels of the women, he practised one of the deepest schemes of villainy that ever was thought of. He ordered, the third day after these horrid cruelties, that all the King's ladies and daughters should come and pay their respects to him, and promised to set those free who could please him by their appearance and dress. The innocent unthinking women brought out their jewels, and adorned themselves in their richest attires to please this savage. Gholam Khadur ordered them to be conveyed into a hall, where he had prepared common dresses for them; these dresses he made the women put on, by the assistance of Eunuchs, and took possession of their rich dresses and jewels, and sent them home to the palace, to lament their loss, and curse his treachery.—Gholam Khadur did not even stop here, but insulted the Princes, by making them dance and sing, and for their compliance rewarded them with a few strokes with his slipper. The Mussulmen hold dancing and singing in a high degree of contempt, much more so than the ancient Romans; they consider a dancer or singer as the dregs of society. Then what must have been the feelings of these Princes? what must they have suffered to see themselves in-

folded and maltreated by a man whose life their father had saved? Is it possible that human beings can be so wicked? The most beautiful of the King's daughters, Mobaruck ul Mouik, was brought to this tyrant to gratify his lust. Like a second Sextus, he wished to sooth her into a compliance to his wish: it failed—the resisted, and swore she would resist to the last drop of her blood. He attempted to practise force: she, pushed to despair, like a Lucretia, drew out a hidden knife, and stabbed herself. Here was virtue in the superlative degree—"more than man in the shape of woman!" Oh, that she had first plunged it in the bosom of the brute!

Scindia soon after this came to the assistance of the King, rather to make him his prey.—Gholam Khadur fled, and took refuge in the fort of Agra, a large city about 150 miles from Delhi.—Scindia's troops besieged him there. Perceiving at last that he must be taken if he continued in the fort, he took the advantage of a dark night, stuffed his saddle with a large stock of precious stones, took a few followers, and fled from the fort towards Persia. Unluckily for him, he fell off his horse the second night after his flight; by this means a party of horse which had been sent in pursuit of him, came up with him, and took him prisoner: his horse and the precious saddle have not been heard of. Gholam Khadur was brought to Scindia, who, after exposing him for some time in irons, and some time in a cage, punished him in the manner he deserved—his ears, his nose, his hands and his feet were cut off, and his eyes taken out, and he was allowed to expire in that state—a very proper reward for his cruelty and villainy!

The King has now nothing but a name: Scindia, under pretence of guarding, has taken his kingdom from him, and allows him 250 rupees, or 25*l.* per day, and 200 servants. Thus is he dwindled! I arrived at Delhi about a month after this tragic scene! Tragic it is of the first magnitude. The night the Greeks set Troy in flames could not have been more dreadful to behold; not even the scenes of horror and bloodshed which ensued when Rome was given up to the cruelty of Sylla and his gang! While I have been here I have made it my principal object to get every information I could, and such as was to be relied on, and received the above account from men who were spectators of most of the acts, and were obliged to stand neuter. The Nawab of Lucknow's Ambassador, Lotufalli Khan, has been my chief source: he is a very intelligent

man, an Abyssinian by birth, and was an eye-witness to most of the transactions, although he had orders not to interfere, because the English Government would not. Surely it could not have cost Lord Cornwallis much to have given him some help. If the troops had only put on the appearance of moving, the bloody villain Gholam Khadur would have fled. He was quite amazed at his good fortune, and thought the Heavens had conspired to assist him.

When I rode through the streets of Delhi, on my entry with some other Europeans, the people called out in their language, "Now the Europeans are come to succour our unfortunate Monarch! You had better go back, gentlemen; we will not give you thanks for what you can do now. Although you are very wise and very good, yet you cannot replace the King's eyes—you cannot wipe off the insult he and his family have received." A severe reflection! I could hardly refrain from tears when I pictured to my mind the King's situation: although he deserved to be punished for his treachery, yet there ought to be great allowance made for his age. His conduct marked a wish to save his riches, and not to expose his person. This is merely the effect of age. He was actuated by avarice, the most despicable of all human failings: he might also have imagined that Khadur had a scheme to betray him.

I wished to go and see him, but shuddered at the idea.—What could I see? A poor and unfortunate old man, once a Sovereign of a large kingdom, bending beneath his load of years—his face a horrid spectacle! sockets mangled to tear out his eyes! surrounded by a train of young men in rags, once princes! silent, with the strongest marks of grief in their countenances! What heart could stand such a sight!

The enclosed is a translation of a Persian Ode which Shaw Allum pronounced from the throne after the loss of his eyes. The translation has nothing to boast of, but that I have adhered rigidly to the original—you may think too much so. The Ode has lost much of its pathetic fire and its eloquence in passing through my pen; but translations, like transplanted plants, almost always degenerate; there may be a few instances to the contrary, yet it is a universal complaint. The Ode seems to have been spoken by one whose ideas flowed beyond his powers of expressing them.—It seems to be highly incoherent; yet there is to be seen a truly pathetic and noble spirit in it, which required great command

of language to express clearly. It is rather pompous in some parts, but that you know is always the case in all eastern productions.

I am sorry that neither my poetic powers nor my time will allow me to give it in verse.

I am, my dear Sir,  
Your much obliged  
and obedient Servant,  
&c. &c.

#### TRANSLATION OF AN ODE,

*Spoken by SHAW ALLUM, KING of DELHI, after the loss of his EYES.*

A TEMPEST of misfortunes has risen to overwhelm me—it has scattered my throne in the air.—I was once the light of Kings, but have now, alas! lost my lustre. Fate has robbed me of my eyes—Weil! it has delivered me from the painful necessity of beholding another enjoy my crown. The condition of the Holy Brothers \*, when they were persecuted by Yazud, is similar to mine—misfortunes were allotted me at my birth. My riches were my evil; but, thanks to the Almighty, they are vanished. A young Ufghan † has overturned my regality. Who have I to assist me but God? I committed

a crime—its punishment I now feel. The Almighty I trust will pardon me. A ‡ dependant of many years has ruined me—he has speedily received his dues. I have been amassing for these 50 years food for my children—this has been wrested from me, and I am left a beggar. Moghols and Ughans have betrayed me.—Quickly they stepped out to my ruin—they swore to be faithful—how rigidly have they adhered to their oaths. I fed a young serpent §, and it has been anxious to suck my blood. I had beautiful angels—they are all taken away from me except Mobaruck Mahul §. I considered the English and Assufoud Dowla ¶ as my warm friends—If they had assisted me, it would not have been doing too much. Madajee Scindia is the comfort and darling of my heart—he is ready to punish the injuries done me. Go! carry an account of my suffering to the Nawab Vazeer \*\*. Timur Shaw †† wishes to be related to me—he may succeed if he will undertake to remove my ills. It is grievous that neither prince, peer, nor beggar will lament my fate. I am now sunk in the abyss of darkness, but hope to rise illuminated through the assistance of Providence.

### D R O S S I A N A.

#### NUMBER XXIV.

#### ANECDOTES of ILLUSTRIOUS and EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS, PERHAPS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

[ Continued from Page 107. ]

SIR HENRY VANE, JUN.

EXHIBITS such a compulsion of wisdom and of folly as the world has hardly ever seen. Oliver Cromwell was most assuredly much afraid of him. His successor he opposed in this short but wonderfully spirited speech in the House of Commons:

“One would bear a little with Oliver Cromwell, though, contrary to his oath of fidelity to the Parliament, contrary to his duty to the public, contrary to the respect he owed that venerable body from whom he received his authority, he usurped the government. His merit was so extraordinary that our judgments, our passions,

might be blinded by it. He made his way to empire by the most illustrious actions. He had under his command an army that had made him Conqueror, and a people that had made him their General: but as for Richard Cromwell his son, Who is he? What are his titles? We have seen that he had a sword by his side, but, Did he ever draw it? and, what is of much more importance in this case, Is he fit to get obedience from a mighty nation who could never make a footman obey him? Yet this man we must recognize under the title of “Protector;” a man without worth, without courage, and without conduct. For my part, Mr. Speaker,

\* Hussain, Hossain.—† Gholam Khadur.—‡ Ditto.—§ The Queen.—¶ Nawab of Lucknow.—\*\* Ditto.—†† Timur Shaw, King of Persia, wished to marry the eldest daughter of the King of Delhi, Shaw Allum.

it shall never be said that *I* made such a man *my master*."

The late excellent Mr. Hollis presented the British Museum with a very fine portrait of this extraordinary person, with this motto from Petrarch :

" Che trae l'Huomo dal sepolchro, et in  
" vita il serbo."

MR. PYM.

When Lord Strafford told Pym that he had left his party, Pym replied, " Sir, we shall never leave you as long as you have a head upon your shoulders." Lord Strafford's speech is in every one's mouth. Pym's speech on that trial is very little known, and contains great legal knowledge, great force of reasoning, and great eloquence, of another kind from that of Lord Strafford. Parts of it have been employed upon a late celebrated trial.

INIGO JONES.

This great Architect, though a pupil of Palladio's, appears occasionally, in point of grandeur, to exceed his model. The last Lord Burlington was so attached to him that he published a complete collection of his works ; and was so impressed with the beauty of the portico that Inigo Jones had added to the old Gothic fabric of St. Paul's, that on seeing the completion of the present church by Sir Christopher Wren he cried out, " When the Jews saw the second temple they reflected on the beauty of the first, and could not refrain from tears."

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, when he built St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, the noblest monument of his geometrical skill, had most certainly in his eye the High Church Edinburgh, and St. Nicholas's Church at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His towers that adorn the front of Westminster-Abbey were taken from those of Beverley Minster, in Yorkshire. Sir Christopher intended a spire for the middle of the church, but gave it up, from apprehension that the fabric would not bear it. The library of All-Souls-College, in Oxford, possesses many original drawings of this great architect ; and amongst others, his designs for the Cathedral of St. Paul's. It is curious to observe in them the progress of Sir Christopher's ideas in the beautiful dome of that fabric. He had

originally intended to have crowned it with a pine-apple, but wisely decorated it with a cross, as it now stands. Sir Christopher was much impeded and harassed in this great work by the care of expense of the Curators of it. He had intended to have had a very fine Baldachino at the altar, like that of St. Peter's at Rome. Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, had sent for the marbles for its composition ; or rather, as the Parentalia says, the specimens were shewn to the Architect by that Prelate. Sir Christopher not approving of them, the design was given up. The present excellent Chapter of the Cathedral having admitted sculpture into it, in the monuments of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Howard, it is to be hoped, that the illustrious Architect of the fabric will partake of the honour of a statue in his own Cathedral, the present sarcophagus erected to him, with a quibbling kind of epitaph, being seldom seen or noticed by persons who visit the Church. The effect of decoration on this at present denuded fabric may be seen, by inspecting a plate, published some years ago by Mr. Gwynne, in which the dome and some other parts of it are seen as ornamented according to the intention of Sir Christopher. To make the perspective of the church appear to the greatest advantage, and to be magnificent indeed, the heavy and immense organ that crosses the entrance into the Choir should be placed on one side, as is done at Winchester, and painted glass should be inserted into the East window.

" Hic jacet

" CHRISTOPHORUS WREN, Eques.

" Si Monumentum queris

" Circumspice,"

is the inscription on the sarcophagus that contains the remains of this great Geometer and celebrated Architect. It should be engraven upon the stone that is in the middle of the pavement directly under the dome of St. Paul's.

#### ERRATA.

In the *Droßiana* for July, under the article " AEBE BLANCHET," for "*hor-rific constitution*," read, "*heretic constitution*;" and under the article of " MIRABEAU," in the *Magazine* for August, for "*Abbé Valant*," read, "*Abbé Valart*."

(To be continued.)

#### REMARKS

## REMARKS on the ISLAND of HINZUAN or JOHANNA.

By SIR WILLIAM JONES.

[From the Second Volume of "ASIATIC RESEARCHES," just published.]

**H**INZUAN (a name which has been gradually corrupted into Anzuaine, Anjuan, Juanny, and Johanna) has been governed about two centuries by a colony of Arabs, and exhibits a curious instance of the slow approaches towards civilization, which are made by a small community, with many natural advantages, but with few means of improving them. An account of this African island, in which we hear the language and see the manners of Arabia, may neither be uninteresting in itself, nor foreign to the objects of enquiry proposed at the institution of our Society.

On Monday the 28th of July 1783, after a voyage in the Crocodile of ten weeks and two days from the rugged islands of Cape Verd, our eyes were delighted with a prospect so beautiful, that neither a painter nor a poet could perfectly represent it, and so cheering to us, that it can justly be conceived by such only, as have been in our preceding situation. It was the sun rising in full splendour on the isle of Mavata (as the seamen called it), which we had joyfully distinguished the preceding afternoon by the height of its peak, and which now appeared at no great distance from the windows of our cabin; while Hinzuân, for which we had so long panted, was plainly discernible a-head, where its high lands presented themselves with remarkable boldness. The weather was fair; the water smooth; and a gentle breeze drove us easily before dinner-time round a rock, on which the Brilliant struck just a year before, into a commodious road, where we dropped our anchor early in the evening: we had seen Mohila, another sister island, in the course of the day.

The frigate was presently surrounded with canoes, and the deck soon crowded with natives of all ranks, from the high-born chief, who washed linen, to the half-naked slave, who only paddled. Most of them had letters of recommendation from Englishmen which none of them were able to read, though they spoke English intelligibly; and some appeared vain of title, which our countrymen had given them in play, according to their supposed stations: we had lords, dukes, and princes on board, soliciting our custom, and importuning us for presents. In fact, they were too sensible to be proud of empty sounds, but justly imagined, that those

ridiculous titles would serve as marks of distinction, and, by attracting notice, procure for them something substantial. The only men of real consequence in the island, whom we saw before we landed, were the Governor Abdullah, second cousin to the king, and his brother Alwî, with their several sons; all of whom will again be particularly mentioned: they understood Arabick; seemed zealots in the Mohammedan faith, and admired my copies of the Alkoran; some verses of which they read, whilst Alwî perused the opening of another Arabian manuscript, and explained it in English more accurately than could have been expected.

The next morning showed us the island in all its beauty; and the scene was so diversified, that a distinct view of it could hardly have been exhibited by the best pencil: you must, therefore, be satisfied with a mere description, written on the very spot, and compared attentively with the natural landscape. We were at anchor in a fine bay, and before us was a vast amphitheatre, of which you may form a general notion by picturing in your minds a multitude of hills infinitely varied in size and figure, and then supposing them to be thrown together, with a kind of artless symmetry, in all imaginable positions. The back ground was a series of mountains, one of which is pointed, near half a mile perpendicularly high from the level of the sea, and little more than three miles from the shore: all of them were richly clothed with wood, chiefly fruit-trees, of an exquisite verdure. I had seen many a mountain of a stupendous height in Wales and Switzerland, but never saw one before, round the bosom of which the clouds were almost continually rolling, while its green summit rose flourishing above them, and received from them an additional brightness. Next to this distant range of hills was another tier, part of which appeared charmingly verdant, and part rather barren; but the contrast of colours changed even this nakedness into a beauty: nearer still were innumerable mountains, or rather cliffs, which brought down their verdure and fertility quite to the beach; so that every shade of green, the sweetest of colours, was displayed at one view by land and by water. But nothing conduced more to the variety of this enchanting prospect, than the many rows of palm-trees, especially

the tall and graceful Areca's, on the shores, in the valleys, and on the ridges of hills, where one might almost suppose them to have been planted regularly by design. A more beautiful appearance can scarce be conceived, than such a number of elegant palms in such a situation, with luxuriant tops, like verdant plumes, placed at just intervals, and showing between them part of the remoter landscape, while they left the rest to be supplied by the beholder's imagination. The town of Matsamuddo lay on our left, remarkable at a distance for the tower of the principal mosque, which was built by Halmah, a queen of the island, from whom the present king is descended: a little on our right was a small town, called Bantani. Neither the territory of Nice, with its olives, date-trees, and cypresses, nor the isles of Hieres, with their delightful orange-groves, appeared so charming to me, as the view from the road of Hinzuân; which, nevertheless, is far surpassed, as the Captain of the Crocodile assured us, by many of the islands in the southern ocean. If life were not too short for the complete discharge of all our respective duties, publick and private, and for the acquisition even of necessary knowledge in any degree of perfection, with how much pleasure and improvement might a great part of it be spent in admiring the beauties of this wonderful orb, and contemplating the nature of man in all its varieties!

We hastened to tread on firm land, to which we had been so long refused, and went on shore, after breakfast, to see the town, and return the Governor's visit. As we walked, attended by a crowd of natives, I surprized them by reading aloud an Arabick inscription over the gate of a mosque, and still more, when I entered it, by explaining four sentences, which were written very distinctly on the wall, signifying, "that the world was given us for our own edification, not for the purpose of raising sumptuous buildings; life, for the discharge of moral and religious duties, not for pleasurable indulgences; wealth, to be liberally bestowed, not avaritiously hoarded; and learning, to produce good actions, not empty disputes." We could not but respect the temple even of a false prophet, in which we found such excellent morality: we saw nothing better among the Romish trumpery in the church at Madera. When we came to Abdullah's house, we were conducted through a small court-yard into an open room, on each side of which was a large

and convenient sofa, and above it a high bed-place in a dark recess, over which a chintz counterpane hung down from the ceiling: this is the general form of the best rooms in the island; and most of the tolerable houses have a similar apartment on the opposite side of the court, that there may be at all hours a place in the shade for dinner or for repose. We were entertained with ripe dates from Yemen, and the milk of cocoa-nuts; but the heat of the room, which seemed accessible to all who chose to enter it, and the scent of musk or civet, with which it was perfumed, soon made us desirous of breathing a purer air; nor could I be detained long by the Arabick manuscripts, which the Governor produced, but which appeared of little use, and consequently of no value, except to such as love mere curiosities: one of them, indeed, relating to the penal law of the Mohammedans, I would gladly have purchased at a just price; but he knew not what to ask, and I knew that better books on that subject might be procured in Bengal. He then offered me a black boy for one of my Alkorans, and pressed me to barter an Indian dress, which he had seen on board the ship, for a cow and calf: the golden slippers attracted him most, since his wife, he said, would like to wear them: and for that reason I made him a present of them; but had destined the book and the robe for his superior. No high opinion could be formed of Sayyad Abdullah, who seemed very eager for gain, and very servile where he expected it.

Our next visit was to Shaikh Sâlim, the king's eldest son; and if we had seen him first, the state of civilization in Hinzuân would have appeared at its lowest ebb: the worst English hackney in the worst stable is better lodged, and looks more princely than this heir apparent; but though his mien and apparel were extremely savage, yet allowance should have been made for his illness, which, as we afterwards learned, was an abscess in the spleen, a disorder not uncommon in that country, and frequently cured, agreeably to the Arabian practice, by the actual cautery. He was incessantly chewing pieces of the Areca-nut with shell-lime; a custom borrowed, I suppose, from the Indians, who greatly improve the composition with spices and betel-leaves, to which they formerly added camphor: all the natives of rank chewed it, but not I think to so great an excess. Prince Sâlim from time to time gazed at himself with complacency in a piece of broken looking-glass, which was glued on

on a small board, a specimen of wretchedness which we observed in no other house; but many circumstances convinced us that the apparently low condition of his royal highness, who was not on bad terms with his father, and seemed not to want authority, proceeded wholly from his avarice. His brother Hamdullah, who generally resides in the town of Domóni, has a very different character, being esteemed a man of worth, good sense, and learning: he had come the day before to Matfamúdo, on hearing that an English frigate was in the road; and I having gone out for a few minutes to read an Arabick inscription, found him on my return devouring a manuscript, which I had left with some of the company. He is a Kádi or Mohammedan judge; and as he seemed to have more knowledge than his countrymen, I was extremely concerned that I had so little conversation with him. The King, Shaikh Akmed, has a younger son, named Abdullah, whose usual residence is in the town of Wáni, which he seldom leaves, as the state of his health is very infirm. Since the succession to the title and authority of Sultán is not unalterably fixed in one line, but requires confirmation by the chiefs of the island, it is not improbable that they may hereafter be conferred on Prince Hamdullah.

A little beyond the hole in which Sálím received us, was his haram, or the apartment of his women, which he permitted us all to see, not through politeness to strangers, as we believed at first, but, as I learned afterwards from his own lips, in expectation of a present: we saw only two or three miserable creatures with their heads covered, while the favourite, as we supposed, stood behind a coarse curtain, and shewed her ankles under it loaded with silver rings; which, if she was capable of reflection, she must have considered as glittering fetters rather than ornaments; but a rational being would have preferred the condition of a wild beast, exposed to perils and hunger in a forest, to the splendid misery of being wife or mistress to Sálím.

Before we returned, Alwí was desirous of shewing me his books; but the day was too far advanced, and I promised to visit him some other morning. The Governor, however, prevailed on us to see his place in the country, where he invited us to dine the next day; the walk was extremely pleasant from the town to the side of a rivulet, which formed in one part a small pool very convenient for bathing, and thence, through groves and

alleys, to the foot of a hill; but the dining-room was little better than an open barn, and was recommended only by the coolness of its shade. Abdullah would accompany us on our return to the ship, together with two Musti's, who spoke Arabick indifferently, and seemed eager to see all my manuscripts; but they were very moderately learned, and gazed with stupid wonder on a fine copy of the Hamásah and on other collections of ancient poetry.

Early the next morning a black messenger, with a tawny lad as his interpreter, came from prince Sálím; who, having broken his perspective-glass, wished to procure another by purchase or barter: a polite answer was returned, and steps taken to gratify his wishes. As we on our part expressed a desire to visit the king at Domóni, the prince's messenger told us, that his master would, no doubt, lend us palanquins (for there was not an horse in the island), and order a sufficient number of his vassals to carry us, whom we might pay for their trouble, as we thought just: we commissioned him, therefore, to ask that favour, and begged that all might be ready for our excursion before sun-rise, that we might escape the heat of the noon, which, though it was the middle of winter, we had found excessive. The boy, whose name was Combo Madi, stayed with us longer than his companion: there was something in his look so ingenuous, and in his broken English so simple, that we encouraged him to continue his innocent prattle. He wrote and read Arabick tolerably well, and set down at my desire the names of several towns in the island, which, he first told me, was properly called Hinzuân. The fault of begging for whatever he liked, he had in common with the governor and other nobles; but hardly in a greater degree: his first petition for some lavender-water was readily granted; and a small bottle of it was so acceptable to him, that, if we had suffered him, he would have kissed our feet; but it was not for himself that he rejoiced so extravagantly: he told us, with tears starting from his eyes, that his mother would be pleased with it, and the idea of her pleasure seemed to fill him with rapture: never did I see filial affection more warmly felt, or more tenderly and, in my opinion, unaffectedly expressed; yet this boy was not a favourite of the officers, who thought him artful. His mother's name, he said, was Fátima; and he importuned us to visit her; conceiving, I suppose, that all mankind must love and admire her: we

promised to gratify him; and, having made him several presents, permitted him to return. As he reminded me of Aladdin in the Arabian tale, I designed to give him that name in a commendatory letter, which he pressed me to write, instead of St. Domingo, as some European visitor had ridiculously called him; but, since the allusion would not have been generally known, and since the title of *Alau'din*, or *Eminence in Faith*, might have offended his superiors, I thought it advisable for him to keep his African name. A very indifferent dinner was prepared for us at the house of the Governor, whom we did not see the whole day, as it was the beginning of Ramadan, the Mohammedan Lent, and he was engaged in his devotions, or made them his excuse; but his eldest son sat by us, while we dined, together with Músa, who was employed jointly with his brother Húfain, as purveyor to the Captain of the frigate.

Having observed a very elegant shrub, that grew about six feet high in the courtyard, but was not then in flower, I learned with pleasure, that it was *binná*, of which I had read so much in Arabian poems, and which European botanists have ridiculously named *Larvensia*. Músa bruised some of the leaves, and, having moistened them with water, applied them to our nails, and the tips of our fingers, which in a short time became of a dark orange-scarlet. I had before conceived a different idea of this dye, and imagined, that it was used by the Arabs to imitate the natural redness of those parts in young and healthy persons, which in all countries must be considered as a beauty: perhaps a less quantity of *binná*, or the same differently prepared, might have produced that effect. The old men in Arabia used the same dye to conceal their gray hair,

[To be continued.]

## A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF CARNICOBAR.

By Mr. G. HAMILTON.—Communicated by Mr. ZOFFANY.

[FROM THE SAME.]

THE island of which I propose to give a succinct account, is the northernmost of that cluster in the Bay of Bengal, which goes by the name of the Nicobars. It is low, of a round figure, about forty miles in circumference, and appears at a distance as if entirely covered with trees; however, there are several well-cleared and delightful spots upon it. The soil is a black kind of clay, and marshy. It produces in great abundance, and with little care, most of the tropical fruits, such

while their daughters were dyeing their lips and gums black, to set off the whiteness of their teeth; so universal in all nations and ages are personal vanity, and a love of disguising truth; though in all cases, the farther our species recede from nature, the farther they depart from true beauty; and men at least should disdain to use artifice or deceit for any purpose or on any occasion: if the women of rank at Paris, or those in London who wish to imitate them, be inclined to call the Arabs barbarians; let them view their own head-dresses and cheeks in a glass, and, if they have left no room for blushes, be inwardly at least ashamed of their censure.

In the afternoon I walked a long way up the mountains in a winding path amid plants and trees no less new than beautiful, and regretted exceedingly that very few of them were in blossom, as I then should have leisure to examine them. Curiosity led me from hill to hill; and I came at last to the sources of a rivulet, which we had passed near the shore, and from which the ship was to be supplied with excellent water. I saw no birds on the mountains but Guinea-fowl, which might have been easily caught: no insects were troublesome to me but mosquitos; and I had no fear of venomous reptiles, having been assured that the air was too pure for any to exist in it; but I was often unwillingly a cause of fear to the gentle and harmless lizard, who ran among the shrubs. On my return I missed the path, by which I had ascended; but having met some blacks laden with yams and plantains, I was by them directed to another, which led me round, through a charming grove of cocoa-trees, to the Governor's country-seat, where our entertainment was closed by a fillabub, which the English had taught the Muselmans to make for them.

as pine-apples, plantains, papayas, cocoa-nuts, and areca nuts; also excellent yams, and a root called *cachu*. The only four-footed animals upon the island are hogs, dogs, large rats, and an animal of the lizard kind, but large, called by the natives *tolonqui*; these frequently carry off fowls and chickens. The only kind of poultry are hens, and those not in great plenty. There are abundance of snakes of many different kinds, and the inhabitants frequently die of their bites. The timber

timber upon the island is of many sorts, in great plenty, and some of it remarkably large, affording excellent materials for building or repairing ships.

The natives are low in stature, but very well made, and surprisingly active and strong; they are copper-coloured, and their features have a cast of the Malay; quite the reverse of elegant. The women in particular are extremely ugly. The men cut their hair short, and the women have their heads shaved quite bare, and wear no covering but a short petticoat, made of a sort of rush or dry grass, which reaches half way down the thigh. This grass is not interwoven, but hangs round the person something like the thatching of a house. Such of them as have received presents of cloth petticoats from the ships, commonly tie them round immediately under the arms. The men wear nothing but a narrow strip of cloth about the middle, in which they wrap up their privities so tight that there hardly is any appearance of them. The ears of both sexes are pierced when young, and by squeezing into the holes large plugs of wood, or hanging heavy weights of shells, they contrive to render them wide, and disagreeable to look at. They are naturally disposed to be good-humoured and gay, and are very fond of sitting at table with Europeans, where they eat every thing that is set before them; and they eat most enormously. They do not care much for wine, but will drink bumpers of arak, as long as they can see. A great part of their time is spent in feasting and dancing. When a feast is held at any village, every one, that chuses, goes uninvited, for they are utter strangers to ceremony. At those feasts they eat immense quantities of pork, which is their favourite food. Their hogs are remarkably fat, being fed upon the cocoa-nut kernel and sea-water; indeed, all their domestic animals, fowls, dogs, &c. are fed upon the same. They have likewise plenty of small sea fish, which they strike very dexterously with lances, wading into the sea about knee-deep. They are sure of killing a very small fish at ten or twelve yards distance. They eat the pork almost raw, giving it only a hasty grill over a quick fire. They roast a fowl, by running a piece of wood through it, by way of spit, and holding it over a brisk fire until the feathers are burnt off, when it is ready for eating in their taste. They never drink water; only cocoa-nut milk and a liquor called *soura*, which oozes from the cocoa-nut tree after cutting off the young sprouts or flowers.

This they suffer to ferment before it is used, and then it is intoxicating, to which quality they add much by their method of drinking it, by sucking it slowly through a small straw. After eating, the young men and women who are fancifully dressed with leaves, go to dancing, and the old people surround them smoking tobacco and drinking *soura*. The dancers, while performing, sing some of their tunes, which are far from wanting harmony, and to which they keep exact time. Of musical instruments they have only one kind, and that the simplest. It is a hollow bamboo, about two feet and a half long, and three inches in diameter, along the outside of which there is stretched from end to end a single string made of the threads of a split cane, and the place under the string is hollowed a little to prevent it from touching. This instrument is played upon in the same manner as a guitar. It is capable of producing but few notes; the performer, however, makes it speak harmoniously, and generally accompanies it with the voice.

What they know of physic is small and simple. I had once occasion to see an operation in surgery performed on the toe of a young girl who had been stung by a scorpion or centipes. The wound was attended with a considerable swelling, and the little patient seemed in great pain. One of the natives produced the under jaw of a small fish, which was long, and planted with two rows of teeth as sharp as needles: taking this in one hand, and a small stick by way of hammer in the other, he struck the teeth three or four times into the swelling, and made it bleed freely: the toe was then bound up with certain leaves, and next day the child was running about perfectly well.

Their houses are generally built upon the beach, in villages of fifteen or twenty houses each; and each house contains a family of twenty persons and upwards. These habitations are raised upon wooden pillars about ten feet from the ground; they are round, and, having no windows, look like bee-hives covered with thatch. The entry is through a trap-door below, where the family mount by a ladder, which is drawn up at night. This manner of building is intended to secure the houses from being infested with snakes and rats, and for that purpose the pillars are bound round with a smooth kind of leaf, which prevents animals from being able to mount; besides which, each pillar has a broad round flat piece of wood near the top of it, the projecting of which effectually

effectually prevents the further progress of such vermin as may have passed the leaf. The flooring is made with thin strips of bamboos laid at such distances from one another, as to leave free admission for light and air, and the inside is neatly finished, and decorated with fishing lances, nets, &c.

The art of making cloth of any kind is quite unknown to the inhabitants of this island; what they have is got from the ships that come to trade in cocoa-nuts. In exchange for their nuts (which are reckoned the finest in this part of India) they will accept of but few articles; what they chiefly wish for is cloth of different colours, hatchets and hanger blades, which they use in cutting down the nuts. Tobacco and arak they are very fond of, but expect these in presents. They have no money of their own, nor will they allow any value to the coin of other countries, further than as they happen to fancy them for ornaments; the young women sometimes hanging strings of dollars about their necks. However, they are good judges of gold and silver, and it is no easy matter to impose baser metals upon them as such.

They purchase a much larger quantity of cloth than is consumed upon their own island. This is intended for the Choury market. Choury is a small island to the southward of theirs, to which a large fleet of their boats sails every year about the month of November, to exchange cloth for canoes, for they cannot make these themselves. This voyage they perform by the help of the sun and stars, for they know nothing of the compass.

In their disposition there are two remarkable qualities. One is, their entire neglect of compliment and ceremony; and the other, their aversion to dishonesty. A Carnicobarian travelling to a distant village upon business or amusement, passes through many towns in his way without perhaps speaking to any one: if he is hungry or tired, he goes up into the nearest house, and helps himself to what he wants, and sits till he is rested, without taking the smallest notice of any of the family, unless he has business or news to communicate. Theft or robbery is so very rare amongst them, that a man going out of his house never takes away his ladder, or shuts his door, but leaves it open for any body to enter that pleases, without the least apprehension of having any thing stolen from him.

Their intercourse with strangers is so frequent, that they have acquired in general the barbarous Portuguese so common

over India. Their own language has a sound quite different from most others, their words being pronounced with a kind of stop, or catch in the throat at every syllable. The few following words will serve to shew those who are acquainted with other Indian languages, whether there is any similitude between them.

|               |                   |
|---------------|-------------------|
| A man,        | <i>Kegonia,</i>   |
| A woman,      | <i>Kecanna,</i>   |
| A child,      | <i>Chu.</i>       |
| To laugh,     | <i>Ayelaar.</i>   |
| A canoe,      | <i>App.</i>       |
| To eat,       | <i>Gnia.</i>      |
| To drink,     | <i>Okk.</i>       |
| Yams,         | <i>Towla.</i>     |
| To weep,      | <i>Poing.</i>     |
| A pine apple, | <i>Fruing.</i>    |
| A house,      | <i>Albanum.</i>   |
| A fowl,       | <i>Hayam.</i>     |
| A hog,        | <i>Howm.</i>      |
| Fish,         | <i>Ka.</i>        |
| To sleep,     | <i>Loom loom.</i> |
| A dog,        | <i>Tamam.</i>     |
| Fire,         | <i>Tamia.</i>     |
| Rain,         | <i>Koomra.</i>    |

They have no notion of a God, but they believe firmly in the Devil, and worship him from fear. In every village there is a high pole erected, with long strings of ground-rattans hanging from it, which, it is said, has the virtue to keep him at a distance. When they see any signs of an approaching storm, they imagine that the Devil intends them a visit, upon which many superstitious ceremonies are performed. The people of every village march round their own boundaries, and fix up at different distances small sticks split at the top, into which split they put a piece of cocoa-nut, a wisp of tobacco, and the leaf of a certain plant: whether this is meant as a peace-offering to the Devil, or a scarecrow to frighten him away, does not appear.

When a man dies, all his live-stock, cloth, hatchets, fishing lances, and in short every moveable thing he possessed, is buried with him, and his death is mourned by the whole village. In one view this is an excellent custom, seeing it prevents all disputes about the property of the deceased amongst his relations. His wife must conform to custom by having a joint cut off from one of her fingers; and, if she refuses this, she must submit to have a deep notch cut in one of the pillars of her house.

I was once present at the funeral of an old woman. When we went into the house, which had belonged to the deceased,

ceased, we found it full of her female relations; some of them were employed in wrapping up the corpse in leaves and cloth, and others tearing to pieces all the cloth which had belonged to her. In another house hard by, the men of the village, with a great many others from the neighbouring towns, were sitting drinking *scura* and smoking tobacco. In the mean time two stout young fellows were busy digging a grave in the sand near the house. When the women had done with the corpse, they set up a most hideous howl, upon which the people began to assemble round the grave, and four men went up into the house to bring down the body; in doing this they were much interrupted by a young man, son to the deceased, who endeavoured with all his might to prevent them, but finding it in vain, he clung round the body, and was carried to the grave along with it: there, after a violent struggle, he was turned away and conducted back to the house. The corpse being now put into the grave, and the lashings which bound the legs and arms cut, all the live-stock which had been the property of the deceased, consisting of about half a dozen hogs, and as many fowls, was killed, and flung in above it: a man then approached with a bunch of leaves stuck up on the end of a pole, which he swept two or three times gently along the corpse, and then the grave was filled up. During the ceremony, the women continue to make the most horrible vocal concert imaginable: the men said nothing. A few days afterwards, a kind of monument was erected over the grave, with a pole upon it, to which long strips of cloth of different colours were hung.

Polygamy is not known among them;

and their punishment of adultery is not less severe than effectual. They cut from the man's offending member a piece of the fore-skin proportioned to the frequent commission or enormity of the crime.

There seems to subsist among them a perfect equality. A few persons, from their age, have a little more respect paid to them; but there is no appearance of authority one over another. Their society seems bound rather by mutual obligations continually conferred and received; the simplest and best of all ties.

The inhabitants of the Andamans are said to be Cannibals. The people of Carnicobar have a tradition among them, that several canoes came from Andaman many years ago, and that the crews were all armed, and committed great depredations, and killed several of the Nicobarians. It appears at first remarkable, that there should be such a wide difference between the manners of the inhabitants of islands so near to one another; the Andamans being savage Cannibals, and the others the most harmless inoffensive people possible. But it is accounted for by the following historical anecdote, which, I have been assured, is matter of fact. Shortly after the Portuguese had discovered the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope, one of their ships, on board of which were a number of Mozambique negroes, was lost on the Andaman islands, which were till then uninhabited. The blacks remained in the island and settled it: the Europeans made a small shallop, in which they sailed to Pegu. On the other hand, the Nicobar islands were peopled from the opposite main and the coast of Pegu; in proof of which the Nicobar and Pegu languages are said, by those acquainted with the latter, to have much resemblance.

## ON THE BAYA, OR INDIAN CROSS-BEAK.

By ATHAR ALI KHAN, of DEHLI.

[FROM THE SAME]

THE little bird called *Baya* in Hindi, *Berbera* in Sanscrit, *Bâbûi* in the dialect of Bengal, *Cibû* in Persian, and *Tenaxowit* in Arabick, from his remarkably pendent nest, is rather larger than a sparrow, with yellow-brown plumage, a yellowish head and feet, a light-coloured breast, and a conick beak very thick in proportion to his body. This bird is exceedingly common in Hindustan: he is astonishingly sensible, faithful, and docile, never voluntarily deserting the place where his young were hatched, but not averse, like most other birds, to the so-

ciety of mankind, and easily taught to perch on the hand of his master. In a state of nature he generally builds his nest on the highest tree that he can find, especially on the palmyra, or on the Indian fig-tree, and he prefers that which happens to overhang a well or a rivulet: he makes it of grass, which he weaves like cloth and shapes like a large bottle, suspending it firmly on the branches, but so as to rock with the wind, and placing it with its entrance downwards to secure it from birds of prey. His nest usually consists of two or three chambers; and it is

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the popular belief, that he lights them with fire-flies, which he catches alive at night, and confines with moist clay, or with cow-dung : that such flies are often found in his nest, where pieces of cow-dung are also stuck, is indubitable ; but as their light could be of little use to him, it seems probable that he only feeds on them. He may be taught with ease to fetch a piece of paper, or any small thing that his master points out to him : it is an attested fact, that if a ring be dropped into a deep well, and a signal given to him, he will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his master with apparent exultation ; and it is confidently asserted, that if a house or any other place be shown to him once or twice, he will carry a note thither immediately on a proper signal being made. One instance of his docility I can myself mention with confidence, having often been an eye-witness of it. The young Hindu women at Banâres, and in other places, wear very thin plates of gold, called *tica's*, slightly fixed by way of ornament between their eye-brows, and when they pass

through the streets, it is not uncommon for the youthful libertines, who amuse themselves with training *Bayâ's*, to give them a signal, which they understand, and send them to pluck the pieces of gold from the foreheads of their mistresses, which they bring in triumph to the lovers. The *Bayâ* feeds naturally on grass-hoppers and other insects, but will subsist, when tame, on pulse macerated in water : his flesh is warm and drying, of easy digestion, and recommended, in medical books, as a solvent of stone in the bladder or kidneys ; but of that virtue there is no sufficient proof. The female lays many beautiful eggs resembling large pearls ; the white of them, when they are boiled, is transparent, and the flavour of them is exquisitely delicate. When many *Bayâ's* are assembled on a high tree, they make a lively din, but it is rather chirping than singing : their want of musical talents is, however, amply supplied by their wonderful sagacity, in which they are not excelled by any feathered inhabitants of the forest.

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T H E  
L O N D O N R E V I E W  
A N D  
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L,  
F o r S E P T E M B E R 1791.

*Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.*

Solitude considered with respect to its Influence on the Mind and the Heart : Written originally in German, by M. Zimmermann, Aulic Counsellor, and Physician to His Britannic Majesty at Hanover. Translated from the French of J. B. Mercier. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Dilly.

THE name of Dr. Zimmerman, as a man of science, philosophy, and literature, has long been enrolled among the fairest and most authentic records of Fame. His skill as a physician is ever generously employed in the kindest offices of humanity ; his elegance and accuracy as a scholar have occasionally contributed to correct the public taste ; and those benevolent feelings for the real interests of his fellow-creatures in which the true spirit of moral philosophy consists, invariably direct his pen to shew mankind their road to happiness, not indeed by the cold and rigid maxims of a stern preceptor,

but with the warm affections of a father, and the undeviating sincerity of a friend. Of this latter description is the work from which the translation at present before us is extracted. The great object of the author is, in the well known language of his FAVOURITE POET,

“ To raise the genius and to mend the heart ;  
“ To make mankind, in conscious virtue  
“ bold,  
“ Live o’er each scene, and be what they be-  
“ hold.”

To effect this purpose, he inculcates with powerful and resistless eloquence the doctrine that an occasional retirement from the  
heart

heat and bustle of the world, to the cool and silent scenes of Solitude, will, when regulated by the practice and employments which he recommends, to purify the heart from the corruption of society, and strengthen the mind in the precepts of virtue, that no human misfortune can interrupt the happiness of the person who is thus prepared against its attack.

Solitude, taken in a limited and confined sense, conveys a terrific and melancholy idea to the mind of man; but Zimmermann who admirably adapts his moral philosophy to all the situations and circumstances of social life, considers it in a more general and extensive sense. We shall not find monastic solitude, or a misanthropic total seclusion from the haunts of men, recommended in this excellent work; on the contrary, such superstitious, or churlish abandonment of all intercourse with the community to which we belong, and ought to be actively useful, is reprobated in the strongest terms.

But a temporary retirement from company, the shutting ourselves up from the busy, bustling crowd, from fashionable, gay resorts, and even from our families and friends occasionally, in order to converse silently with ourselves, to commune with our own hearts, to enquire what is amiss within, and to rectify our conduct by the principles of pure religion, and sound philosophy, independent of any bigotted sect or system; and to reconcile the mind, under all the various vicissitudes of human life, to the dispensations of God's providence in the government of this world: these are the desirable acquisitions attainable by the cheartful solitude which our author has described in the most lively, interesting, and novel manner.

This short introduction to a work of uncommon merit would be deficient, if we did not conclude it, with a declaration, that it is the best preservative against *Suicide*, that epidemic disease before hinted at, which unfortunately, from the frequent instances of it amongst us, is denominated, throughout the continent of Europe—*The English Malady*.

To the affluent and liberal-minded, we earnestly recommend the patronage of the book in its present form, for where so much benefit may accrue to the community the price is no object; but for the sake of the inferior classes of the people, who are but too apt to follow the bad example of their superiors; and to hang, drown, or shoot themselves, when things go wrong, as rashly, or as deliberately, as any Lord, Knight, Esquire, or simple gentleman in the kingdom; it were to

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be wished, that a very cheap edition should be published with all convenient speed.

We remember similar instances of religious and political dissertations printed and circulated at very low prices, which were not of equal importance to the mass of the people. With great pleasure, therefore, we shall hear that the present octavo edition meets with a ready sale, and that the well-disposed parties concerned in the property, take the benevolent advice we offer them, and reprint what the French call the *Essence* or *l'Esprit*, comme *l'Esprit de Montesquieu*, of Zimmermann, without his endless repetitions, for the benefit of the community.

The English translation before us divides the treatise into four chapters. The first consists of a copious introduction. The second points out the general advantages of solitude. The third, its influence on the mind. The fourth, its influence on the heart. The alliance between the mind and the heart is so close, that some logicians might find themselves at a loss to separate them; other less scrupulous critics might call it a distinction without a difference. But be this as it may, certain it is, that a confusion of ideas respecting the mind and the heart is the principal occasion of the tautology which pervades the two last chapters. The reflections he makes concerning the influence of solitude on the mind equally apply to the heart, and betray him into *duplicate* paragraphs, if we may be allowed the expression, in each chapter. For this reason, we shall close our review with some striking specimens of the author's sound judgment, close reasoning, precision, and thorough knowledge of mankind, as we find them dispersed in different parts of the work, without regard to the order in which he has arranged them; having selected such as we think best calculated to point out the general utility of the whole work.

"SOLITUDE," says our author, "is that state in which the soul freely resigns itself to its own reflections. The sage, therefore, who banishes from his mind all recollection of the objects by which he is surrounded, and retires within himself, is not less solitary than he who forsakes society, and devotes himself entirely to the calm enjoyments of a lonely life."

To shew that the seclusion of a cloister is not necessary for the enjoyment of virtuous and useful solitude, we are directed to look for it in more delightful scenes. "Observe the shepherds of those extensive deserts—one chaunts the beauty who

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captivates

captivates his soul—another moulds the clay into a rustic vase—the surrounding charms of nature form the sole delight and admiration of a third—while a fourth investigates the precepts of the moral law, or contemplates the sublime truths of our holy religion. If they were respectively to meet a lovely shepherdess beneath the shades of their retirement, seated on the borders of some gently flowing stream, the heart of each might perhaps become the slave of love, but, deprived of that enchantment, each will resign himself to the dictates of his inclination; a resource to which every virtuous mind may constantly resort, and draw from it its consolation and support.” For, “the pleasures of solitude are enjoyed by every description of men, without exception of rank or fortune. The freshness of the breeze, the magnificence of the forests, the rich tints of the meadows, the inexhaustible variety which summer spreads over the face of all nature, enchant not only philosophers, kings, and heroes, but the beautiful picture ravishes the mind of the most ignorant spectator with exquisite delight.”

“Vacant souls are always burthenome to their possessors; and it is the weight of this burden that impels them incessantly in the pursuits of dissipation for relief. The irresistible inclination by which they are carried continually abroad, the anxiety with which they search for society, the trifles on which from day to day they spend their time, announce the emptiness of their minds, and the frivolous affection of their hearts. Possessing no resources within themselves, they are forced to rove abroad, and fasten upon every object that presents itself to their view, until they find the wished for harbour to protect them against the attacks of discontent, and prevent them from reflecting on their ignoble condition.”

“Solitude enables Man to live independent and alone: there is no misfortune that it cannot alleviate; no sorrow that it will not soften; it adds dignity to his character; and gives fresh vigour to the powers of his mind; he cannot in any other situation acquire so perfect a knowledge of himself; it enlarges the sphere of attention, and ripens the seeds of judgement: in short, it is from the influence of Solitude alone, that man can hope for the fruition of unbroken pleasures and never-fading felicity.”

The legion of fantastic fashions to which a man of worldly pleasure is obliged to sacrifice his time, impair the rational facul-

ties of his mind, and destroy the native energies of his soul. Forced continually to lend himself to the performances of a thousand little triflings, a thousand mean absurdities, he becomes by habit frivolous and absurd. The face of things no longer wears its true and genuine aspect; and his depraved taste loses all relish for rational entertainment or substantial pleasure. The infatuation seizes on his brain, and his corrupted heart teems with idle fancies and vain imaginations. These illusions however, through which the plainest object becomes distorted to his view, might easily be dispelled. Accustomed to a lonely life, and left to reflect in calmness and sobriety, during the silence of the solitary hour, upon the false joys and deceitful pleasures, which the parade of visiting and the glare of public entertainments offer to our view, he would soon perceive and candidly acknowledge their nothingness and insipidity; soon would he behold the pleasures of the world in their true colours, and feel that he had blindly wandered in pursuit of phantoms: possessing something in appearance, but nothing in reality.

“Languor and dissatisfaction are ever the inevitable consequences of an ardent pursuit of entertainments and diversions. He who has drained the cup of pleasure to its last drop; who is obliged to confess that his hopes are fled, and that the world no longer contains any object worthy of his pursuit; who feels disappointment and disgust mingled with all his enjoyments; who seems astonished at his own insensibility; who no longer possesses the magic of the enchanteress *Imagination* to gild and decorate the scene; calls in vain to his assistance the daughters of sensuality; their caresses can no longer charm his dark and melancholy mind; the soft and syren song of luxury no longer can dispel the cloud of discontent which hovers round his head.”

As example teaches more effectually than precept, Zimmerman strengthens the force of his sound reasoning upon the effects of pleasurable dissipation by the melancholy story of the Honourable Mr. Damer, “who, at the age of thirty-five, put a period to his existence by means perfectly correspondent to the principles on which he had lived. A most infatuated love of dissipation destroyed all the powers of his mind, and some of the more excellent qualities of his heart. His table, his carriages, his horses, his own dress, his very liveries, surpassed in magnificence and elegance every thing that is sumptuous

in the metropolis of England. The income he enjoyed was splendid, but not sufficient for his unbounded extravagance; at length, the situation in which he found his affairs led him to despair—the catastrophe is but too well known—in vain he called to his assistance the daughters of sensuality.”—The reader will perceive, that the fine picture of satiated dissipation, drawn by our moral philosopher, is sketched from the features of the wretched Damer. The low-born Hesse, raised to a high degree of elevation and affluence by ministerial favour, corruptly obtained, had the absurd vanity and idle pride to associate with and entertain the princes of the land, and finished his career of folly and vice by the fatal bullet. The high-born Delme did the same—the black catalogue, since added, would fill the page; but let these suffice! and O, my countrymen, for heaven’s sake! wipe out in future this foul national reproach, let it not any longer be a melancholy truth, that foreign writers, whether divines, philosophers, or historians, of the present century, especially of late years, when treating of the horrid crime of Suicide, refer their readers for examples to England. Renowned for courage and fortitude in the field, is it not astonishing that so many instances of this cowardly, base desertion of life, because deprived of the means of pursuing the deceitful pleasures of the world, should annually occur! Henceforth, unless you can conquer this vile disposition, talk not of Spanish pride, or any other pride—for English pride, contracted at fashionable gambling-houses, “at the board of Luxury, where Disease with leaden sceptre is known to preside,” and in the lap of Sensuality, will not permit you to bend your proud necks to humbler situations; to go down one or two steps lower in the ladder of life; to retire to peaceful solitude for a few years, and, by recovering the use of your reason, to demonstrate to you the practicability of living more happily upon the shattered remains of a ruined fortune; upon an income of hundreds, than upon a revenue of thousands, and so in proportion, according to your several ranks in life, descending instead of ascending.

Come then, all you unhappy sons and daughters of misfortune, to our sage moral philosopher; adopt his sentiments; they will make your yoke easy, and your burthen light—and the reverses of fortune, he will soon teach you, are the easiest to be born of all human afflictions.

Do you seek for relief, expect it not from the gay world in which you have run your race of folly, for “men of dis-

sipated minds are never the protectors of the weak, or the avengers of the oppressed. Are the various and powerful hosts of fools and knaves your enemies? Are you injured in your property by injustice, or in your fame by calumny? You must not hope for redress from light characters, or for support from men of dissipation; for they only repeat the voice of error, and propagate the fallacies of prejudice.

Solitude will be your most faithful friend!—“Snatched from the illusions of the world, and placed in the security of retirement, we view every object in its true form, as well under the distractions of misfortune, as in the pangs of sickness, and in the anguish of death. The vanity and emptiness of all those advantages which we expected from external objects appear in full view, and we discover the necessity of curbing the extravagancies of our thoughts, and the licentiousness of our desires. The veil of false appearance is removed; and he who, in the world, was raised as much above others, as by his faults and vices he ought to have been sunk beneath them, here perceives the imperfections which flattery had concealed, and which a crowd of miserable slaves had perhaps the baseness and cowardice entirely to justify.

“In the simplicity of Solitude we shall learn fearlessly to disdain those characters who conceive that high birth and illustrious descent confer a privilege to tyrannize over inferior men, to whom they frequently afford so many reasons to hold them in contempt; and we shall easily recollect, how many men (in the great world) please only by their faults, and recommend themselves only by their vices! How many profligate villains, and unprincipled adventurers, of insinuating manners, are well received in society, only because they have learnt the art of administering to the follies, the weaknesses, the vices of those who give lead to the fashion. But there are still greater advantages: if *sorrow* forces us into solitude, patience and perseverance soon restore the soul to its natural tranquillity. To prevent Suicide, we ought never to inspect the volume of futurity: its pages will only deceive us; on the contrary, we ought for ever to repeat this experimental truth, this consolatory maxim: that the objects which men behold at a distance with fear and trembling, lose, on a nearer approach, not only their disagreeable and menacing aspect, but frequently, in the event, produce the most agreeable and unexpected pleasures. He who tries every expedient, who boldly opposes himself to every difficulty, who stands steady and inflexible to every ob-

stacle, who neglects no exertion within his power, and relies with confidence upon the assistance of God, extracts from affliction both its poison and its sting, and deprives misfortune of its victory."

Thus, "Solitude will ultimately render the mind superior to all the vicissitudes and miseries of life. The man to whose bosom neither riches nor sensual pleasures, nor grandeur, can convey felicity, may, with a book in his hand, learn to forget his cares under the friendly shade of every tree. He tastes the pleasures which Solitude affords with exquisite delight; pleasures, lively and varied, pure and for ever new. Timidity never finds its way into solitude. The man who has courage to retire under peaceful lonely shades, disdains to exercise a base submission to the pride and insolence of *the Great*, and boldly tears from the face of Despotism the mask by which it is concealed."

Zimmerman has enlivened his performance with many interesting stories and anecdotes; but upon the whole, we have too much of his favourite Petrarch. Be it permitted to his Reviewer to introduce one, in the same benevolent view, "to add another ray of consolation to the afflicted; and to make Melancholy, forgetting the horrors of its situation, raise its dejected head to blest the Almighty preserver of his being."

A gentleman was known by his nearest and dearest friend, his wife, never to lie down upon his pillow some years before his death, or raise his head from it in the morning, without repeating the short Hymn annexed to this anecdote; and sometimes he would inadvertently burst into ejaculations in company, when two or three lines of it were distinctly heard before he recollected himself: the cause at that time was unknown; but after his decease, a paper was found in his bureau to the following purport: "You will no longer be surprised at my involuntary effusions of feeble gratitude to the Almighty, which broke forth occasionally in gay company, when you shall read, that many years since, the dread of approaching poverty, disgrace, humiliation, and desertion of friends, had brought me to the fatal resolution of putting an end to my existence. Conscious that I had brought misfortune upon a numerous family by my own imprudence, dissipation, and pride, I considered my punishment as an act of justice. The destined moment arrived, already had I loaded, primed, and cocked—when, strange to relate! though I had not

read a page in the Bible for years, a reflection suddenly came across my mind—"Jesus of Nazareth," said I to myself, "was a man" (for I disbelieved his Divinity) "acquainted with sorrows, endured a life of poverty, was exposed to public scorn and derision, suffered pain of body and agony of mind, and had nothing to reproach himself with—yet this Reformer of the morals of mankind, this benefactor to society, this illustrious pattern of fortitude, patience, and humility, was by an unthankful world put to death; he was crucified!—but he crucified not himself!" Repeating these last words a second time with unusual energy, pride, disdain, shame and contempt of my inability humbly to imitate this striking example of bearing afflictions manfully, produced a passionate conflict of mind, in which paroxysm I madly flung the pistol to some distance from me: to add to the afflicting scene it went off, unheard but by my affectionate wife, who religiously kept the secret; her consolations restored me to temporary tranquillity, but the work of Providence was not yet completed; not a week had elapsed, and settled melancholy was again taking possession of my soul, when a letter announced the death of a distant relation, and summoned me to the reading of his will, by which he had bequeathed me sufficient not only to clear me of all incumbrances, but to enable me, with the assistance of a considerable surplus, to exert my abilities in the line of my profession, for the genteel support of my family, and even to aim at a moderate independence, which you will find I have at length acquired.

#### I.

\* Rise, O my Soul! the hour review  
When, aw'd by guilt and fear,  
Thou durst not Heaven for mercy sue,  
Nor hope for pity here!

#### II.

Dry'd are thy tears, thy griefs are fled,  
Dispell'd each bitter care;  
For Heav'n itself did lend its aid,  
To snatch thee from despair!

#### III.

Then hear, O God! thy work fulfil;  
And from thy Mercy's throne,  
Vouchsafe me strength, to do thy Will,  
And to resist my own.

#### IV.

So shall my soul each power employ,  
Thy mercies to adore,  
Whilst Heaven itself proclaims with joy  
One rescued sinner more!

\* Taken, with small variations, from a Hymn occasionally sung at the Magdalen Chapel.  
The

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Comprehending an Account of his Studies and numerous Works, in chronological Order ; a Series of his Epistolary Correspondence and Conversations with many Eminent Persons ; and various Original Pieces of his Composition, never before published. The whole exhibiting a View of Literature and Literary Men in Great Britain, for near Half a Century, during which he flourished. By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. 2 Vols. 4to. 2l. 2s. Dilly.

[ Continued from p. 110. ]

OUR last Review of Mr. Boswell's Life of Johnson, exhibited the character of this extraordinary man during his state of pupilage and until the day of his marriage : we are now therefore to behold him emancipated from his family, without fortune, without friends, and nothing to depend upon for his success in life, but the exertion of those strong powers of mind with which nature had endowed him, improved by intense study, and exclusively directed, by the academical fame he had already acquired, to the pursuits of philosophy and literature. To procure subsistence for himself and his family he set up a private school at Edial near Litchfield, the place of his nativity ; but he soon became as dissatisfied with the character of a *master* as he had before been in that of an *usher*, and after a trial of about eighteen months he gave up all hopes of success ; and having made some progress in his tragedy of *IRENE*, he soon afterwards relinquished the school, and turned his thoughts towards the stage as a dramatic writer. By the advice of Mr. Walmisley, he finished the tragedy, and being highly flattered with the prospect of its success, he formed a resolution, in conjunction with his friend and pupil (the late celebrated David Garrick) to leave the country, and try his fortune in London, " the great field of genius and exertion," says Mr. Boswell, " where talents of every kind have their fullest scope and highest encouragement." To give a successful effect to the joint expedition of these two eminent men, they were warmly recommended by Mr. Walmisley to the Rev. Mr. Colson, at that time a celebrated mathematician and the master of an academy in London. The employment and future success of Garrick upon their arrival in the metropolis is well known ; but how Johnson lived, or employed himself, for a long time afterwards, remains in obscurity. The first lodgings at which he was known to be, were at the house of Mr. Norris, staymaker, in Exeter-street, adjoining Catharine-street, in the Strand, and during this residence, said Johnson, " I dined very well for eight-pence, with very good company, at the Pine-apple, in New-street, just by ; but it used to cost

the rest a shilling, for they drank wine, I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny, so that I was quite well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing." But amidst this cold obscurity there was one brilliant circumstance to cheer him, his acquaintance with Mr. Henry Hervey, one of the branches of the noble family of that name, who had a house at this time in London, where Johnson was frequently entertained, and had an opportunity of meeting genteel company. " He was a vicious man," said Johnson, " but very kind to me. If you call a dog HERVEY I shall love him." At this time he retired to Greenwich, to enjoy the rural solitude of the Park, and give the finishing touch to his *IRENE* ; but this design was not accomplished until in the course of the summer of the year 1737, when he returned to Litchfield, and on his return to London, which was in the course of three months, Mr. Fleetwood, the patentee of Drury-lane theatre, refused to accept it, and it was not acted until the year 1749, when his friend David Garrick became the manager of that stage. Disappointed in his hopes of success as a dramatic writer, he commenced a monthly writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, begun and carried on by Mr. Edmund Cave, under the name of Sylvanus Urban ; and he was thus employed as a mere literary labourer " for gain, not glory," solely to obtain an honest support, during some of the best years of his life. The literary world however discovered his merit, though his name was concealed, and this periodical publication, perhaps, owes the greatest share of its success to the celebrity into which it was raised, by the merit of Johnson's contributions. But what first displayed his transcendent powers, " and gave the world assurance of *THE MAN*," was his " *LONDON*," a Poem in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, which came out in the month of May 1733, " and burst forth," says Mr. Boswell, " with a splendour the rays of which will for ever encircle his name." This poem, excellent as it certainly is, was offered, without the author's name, to several booksellers, none of whom would purchase

purchase it; but Johnson at length inclosed it in a letter to Mr. Cave as the production of an author of his acquaintance, who, to procure the recommendation of a good publisher's name, read it to Mr. Robert Doddsley, who had taste enough to perceive its uncommon merit, and thought it *credible* to have a *share* in it; and the fact is, that Mr. Doddsley at a future conference had taste enough to bargain for the whole property in it, for which he generously gave Johnson ten guineas. "I might perhaps," said Johnson, "have accepted less; but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a poem, and I would not take less than Paul Whitehead." The merit of this poem was immediately acknowledged by POPE, who then filled the poetical throne without a rival, and with a candour and liberality, not usual upon such occasions, he was indefatigable to discover its author, and ever after continued his patron and his friend. From this time until the year 1744 Johnson continued, under very embarrassed circumstances, to write miscellaneous pieces both in verse and prose for the Gentleman's Magazine, all of which Mr. Boswell has enumerated, and accompanied with a history of the transactions which gave them birth. In the beginning of the year 1744, he published his celebrated Life of the ingenious, excentric, and unfortunate Mr. Savage; and Miscellaneous observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth; but his literary career appears to have been almost totally suspended in the civil wars in the years 1745 and 1746. But the year 1747 is distinguished as the epoch when Johnson's arduous and important work, his "Dictionary of the English Language" was announced to the world, by the publication of its plan, or *prospectus*. The bookellers who contracted with Johnson for the execution of this stupendous work, were Mr. Robert Doddsley, Mr. Charles Hitch, Mr. Andrew Millar, the two Messrs. Longmans, and the two Messrs. Knaptons; and the price stipulated was fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds. The PLAN, in consequence of a particular communication for that purpose, was addressed to Philip Dormer Earl of Chesterfield, then one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, "a Nobleman," says Mr. Boswell, "who was very ambitious of literary distinction, and who, upon being informed of the design, had expressed himself in terms very favourable to its success." Of the manner in which Lord Chesterfield was first informed of this work, Mr. Boswell gives the following

account: "Dr. Taylor told me that Johnson sent his Plan to him in *Manuscript*, for his perusal, and that when it was lying on his table Mr. William Whitehead happened to pay him a visit, and being shewn it, was highly pleased with such parts of it as he had time to read, and begged to take it home with him, which he was allowed to do; that from him it got into the hands of a noble Lord, who carried it to Lord Chesterfield." This was afterwards mentioned to Johnson, by Dr. Taylor, as a circumstance that might be an advantage to the work. "No Sir," replied Johnson, "it would have come out with more bloom if it had not been seen before by any body." While the Dictionary was going forward he published, in January 1749, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," a Poem in imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, which he had composed the year preceding; and for which he only received the sum of five guineas.

Garrick being now vested with theatrical power by being Manager of Drury-lane Theatre, generously made use of it to bring out Johnson's Tragedy of IRENE; but Johnson could not for some time brook that a drama which he had formed with much study, and had been obliged to keep more than the nine years of HORACE, should be revised and altered at the pleasure of an actor. "Sir," said Johnson to Dr. Taylor upon this subject, "the fellow (Garrick) wants to make Mahomet run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his hands and kicking his heels." The Poet, however, was at length persuaded to submit. The representation, by the zeal of Garrick to serve his friend, was continued through *nine nights*; but it received its death wound upon the first representation; for, when Mrs. Pritchard, the heroine of the piece, was to be strangled on the stage, and was to speak two lines with the bow-string round her neck, the audience, who before the curtain drew-up did not appear to have conceived a very favourable opinion of it, cried out *Murder, Murder*, and, though she attempted several times to speak, she was at length obliged to go off the stage alive; and, in the subsequent representations, was supposed to be murdered behind the scenes. Of this play Mr. Boswell has given a very just and ingenious criticism. Johnson, when asked how he felt upon the ill success of his Tragedy, replied, "Like the monument," meaning, says his historian, "that he continued firm and unmoved as that column." In 1750 he came forth

forth in a character for which he was eminently qualified, a majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom; by commencing the publication of "THE RAMBLER," a periodical work which was continued to March 1752, and increased in fame as it advanced in age. From this time he was almost entirely occupied with his Dictionary until the death of his wife, which happened in the succeeding year; when to relieve the melancholy with which this event afflicted his mind, he took an active part in the composition of the periodical publication, called "THE ADVENTURER," in which he began to write on the 10th April 1753. The labours of the Dictionary, however, were only occasionally suspended, and as the three years in which he had engaged to complete it were nearly expired, it is probable that he worked at it with redoubled vigour. "Lord Chesterfield," says Mr. Boswell, "to whom Johnson had paid the high compliment of addressing the plan of this work, had, by continued neglect during its progress, behaved to him in such a manner as to excite his contempt and indignation; but when the Dictionary was upon the eve of publication, his Lordship, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted in a courtly manner to soothe and insinuate himself with the author, conscious, as it should seem, of the cold indifference with which he had treated him; and further attempted to conciliate him, by writing two papers in 'The World,' in recommendation of the Work. The high-strained panegyrick in which his Lordship expresses his complimentary observations, and advice to Johnson, do indeed fully speak the inclination of his mind upon this subject; but 'this courtly advice,' continues Mr. Boswell, 'failed of its effect. Johnson thought that *'all was false and hollow,'* despised the honeyed words, and was even indignant that Lord Chesterfield should for a moment imagine that he could be the dupe of such an artifice. Johnson therefore, upon this occasion, wrote to his Lordship that celebrated Letter of which so much has been said, and about which curiosity has been so long excited without being satisfied. With this letter, however, Mr. Boswell has, by the favour of

Johnson and Mr. Langton, been enabled to enrich his work; and with the extract of which we shall close our present review.

"To the Right Honourable the Earl of  
CHESTERFIELD.

"February, 1755.

"MY LORD,

"I HAVE been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*; that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending;—but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my Lord, have now past since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance\*, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early,

\* The following note is subjoined by Mr. Langton: "Dr. Johnson, when he gave me this copy of his letter, desired that I would annex to it his information to me, that whereas it is said in the letter, that 'no assistance has been received,' he did once receive from Lord Chesterfield the sum of ten pounds; but as that was so inconsiderable a sum, he thought the mention of it could not properly find place in a letter of the kind that this was."

had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most humble

"Most obedient servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON†."

"While this was the talk of the town (says Dr. Adams, in a letter to me), I happened to visit Dr. Warburton, who, finding that I was acquainted with Johnson, desired me earnestly to carry his compliments to him, and to tell him, that he honoured him for his manly behaviour in rejecting these condescensions of Lord Chesterfield, and for resenting the treatment he had received from him, with a proper spirit. Johnson was visibly pleased with this compliment, for he had always a high opinion of Warburton. Indeed, the force of mind which appeared in this letter, was congenial with that which Warburton himself amply possessed.

"There is a curious minute circumstance which struck me, in comparing the various editions of Johnson's imitations of Juvenal. In the tenth Satire, one of the couplets upon the Vanity of Wishes even for literary distinction stood thus:

"Yet think what ills the scholar's life  
affail,

"Pride, envy, want, the *garret*, and the  
jail."

But after experiencing the uneasiness which Lord Chesterfield's fallacious patronage made him feel, he dismissed the word *garret* from the sad group, and in all the subsequent editions the line stands

"Pride, envy, want, the *Patron*, and the  
jail."

"That Lord Chesterfield must have been mortified by the lofty contempt, and polite yet keen satire with which Johnson exhibited him to himself in this letter, it is impossible to doubt. He however, with that glossy duplicity which was his constant study, affected to be quite unconcerned. Dr. Adams mentioned to Mr Robert Doddsley, that he was sorry Johnson had written his letter to Lord Chesterfield. Doddsley, with the true feelings of trade, said, "he was very sorry too; for that he had a property in the Dictionary, to which his Lordship's patronage might have been of consequence." He then told Dr. Adams, that Lord Chesterfield had shewn him the letter. "I should have imagined (replied Dr. Adams) that Lord Chesterfield would have concealed it."—"Poh! (said Doddsley) do you think a letter from Johnson could hurt Lord Chesterfield? Not at all, Sir. It lay upon his table, where any body might see it. He read it to me; said, 'this man has great powers,' pointed out the severest passages, and observed how well they were expressed." This air of indifference, which imposed upon the worthy Doddsley, was certainly nothing but a specimen of that dissimulation which Lord Chesterfield inculcated as one of the most essential lessons for the conduct of life. His Lordship endeavoured to justify himself to Doddsley from the charge brought against him by Johnson; but we may judge of the flimsiness of his defence, from his having excused his neglect of Johnson, by saying, that "he had heard he had changed his lodgings, and did not know where he lived;" as if there could have been the smallest difficulty to inform himself of that circumstance, by inquiring

"\* In this passage Dr. Johnson evidently alludes to the loss of his wife. We find the same tender recollection recurring to his mind upon innumerable occasions; and, perhaps, no man ever more forcibly felt the truth of the sentiment so elegantly expressed by my friend Mr. Malone, in his Prologue to Mr. Jephson's tragedy of "Julia:"

"Vain—wealth, and fame, and fortune's fostering care,

"If no fond breast the splendid blessings share;

"And, each day's bustling pageantry once past,

"There, only there, our bliss is found at last."

"† Upon comparing this copy with that which Dr. Johnson dictated to me from recollection, the variations are found to be so slight, that this must be added to the many other proofs which he gave of the wonderful extent and accuracy of his memory.

in the literary circle with which his Lordship was well acquainted, and was, indeed, himself one of its ornaments.

“ Dr. Adams expostulated with Johnson, and suggested, that his not being admitted when he called on him, was, probably, not to be imputed to Lord Chesterfield; for his Lordship had declared to Doddsley, “ that he would have turned off the best servant he ever had, if he had known that he denied him to a man who would have been always more than welcome; ” and, in confirmation of this, he insisted on Lord Chesterfield’s general affability and easiness of access, especially to literary men. “ Sir (said Johnson), that is not Lord Chesterfield, he is the proudest man this day existing. ” — “ No, (said Dr. Adams) there is one person, at least, as proud; I think by your own account, you are the prouder man of the two. ” — “ But mine (replied Johnson, instantly) was *defensive* pride. ” This, as Dr. Adams well observed, was one of those happy turns for which he was so remarkably ready.

“ Johnson having now explicitly avowed his opinion of Lord Chesterfield, did not refrain from expressing himself concerning that Nobleman with pointed freedom: “ This man (said he) I thought had been a Lord among wits; but I find, he is only a wit among Lords ! ” And

when his letters to his natural son were published, he observed, that “ they teach the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing-master \*. ”

“ The character of a “ respectable Hottentot, ” in Lord Chesterfield’s Letters, has been generally understood to be meant for Johnson, and I have no doubt but it was. But I remember when the *literary property* of those Letters was contested in the Court of Session in Scotland, and Mr. Henry Dundas, one of the Counsel for the proprietors, read this character as an exhibition of Johnson, Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, one of the Judges, maintained with some warmth, that it was not intended as a portrait of Johnson, but of a late noble Lord, distinguished for abstruse science. I have heard Johnson himself talk of the character, and say that it was meant for George Lord Lyttelton, in which I could by no means agree; for his Lordship had nothing of that violence which is a conspicuous feature in the composition. Finding that my illustrious friend could not bear to have it supposed that it might be meant for him, I said, laughingly, that there was one trait which unquestionably did not belong to him; “ he throws his meat any where but down his throat. ” “ Sir (said he), Lord Chesterfield never saw me eat in his life. ”

(To be continued.)

The Life of Thomas Pain, the Author of “ Rights of Man, ” with a Defence of his Writings. By Francis Oldys, A. M. of the University of Pennsylvania.

(Concluded from Page 126.)

WE left Mr. Pain in perfect security at Margate, after his precipitate retreat from Sandwich; but in this new asylum he either could not, or would not find any rest for the soles of his feet; if his Biographer may be credited, “ When he had disposed of Mr. Rutter’s goods at

Margate, he once more mingled with the crowds of London. ”

Of the fate of his wife, rumour has spoken variously. By some she is said to have died on the road of ill usage, and a premature birth. The women of Sandwich are positive, that she died in the

“ \* That collection of letters cannot be vindicated from the serious charge of encouraging, in some passages, one of the vices most destructive to the good order and comfort of society, which his Lordship represents as mere fashionable gallantry; and, in others, of inculcating the base practice of dissimulation, and recommending, with disproportionate anxiety, a perpetual attention to external elegance of manner. But it must at the same time be allowed, that they contain many good precepts of conduct, and much general information upon life and manners, very happily expressed; and that there was considerable merit in paying so much attention to the improvement of one who was dependent upon his Lordship’s protection; it has, probably, been exceeded in no instance by the most exemplary parent; and though I can by no means approve of confounding the distinction between lawful and illicit offspring, which is, in effect, insulting the civil establishment of our country, to look no higher; I cannot help thinking it laudable to be kindly attentive to those of whose existence we have, in any way, been the cause. Mr. Stanhope’s character has been unjustly represented as diametrically opposite to what Lord Chesterfield wished him to be. He has been called dull, gross, and awkward: but I knew him at Dresden, when he was envoy to that court; and though he could not boast of the *graces*, he was a well-behaved man. ”

British Lying-in Hospital, in Brownlow-street, Long-acre; but the register of this charity, which is kept with commendable accuracy, evinces that she had not been received into this laudable refuge of female wretchedness. And there are others who have convinced themselves by diligent enquiry, that she is still alive, though the extreme obscurity of her retreat prevents ready discovery. A premeditated design to exhibit Mr. Pain, in almost every occurrence of his private and public life, as an odious and contemptible character, obliges the Biographer to throw out insinuations to his prejudice, whenever facts, supported by evidence, fail him. As Pain married again, this imperfect memoir concerning his first wife is intended to convey an idea to the reader that he was guilty of bigamy in the second marriage; but from what immediately follows, candour would suggest that the first Mrs. Pain died, perhaps from the consequences of a premature birth, but not "of ill-usage," on the road to London; for we are told "that he renounced his original trade, or rather art, of stay-making at this time, forever; that when a youth he had enquired into the duty, and envied the perquisites, of an exciseman; that his wife had doubtless spoken of the honours and emoluments of her father; and that he was induced by these considerations in July 1761 to seek for shelter in his father's (it should be father-in-law's) house."

Here is a strong presumption that Mrs. Pain no longer existed; for had she been living, her father would hardly have received the husband without, or instead of his own daughter, if poverty drove one or both to seek a refuge: beside, it is very improbable that he should harbour the man who had used his daughter so ill as is represented: unfortunately, however, for the reputation of Mr. Oldys, or whoever was the real writer of this partial life of Thomas Pain, he gives us the following narrative of the family, p. 8, 9: "Thomas Pain married Mary Lambert the 27th of Sept. 1759," (and the entry from the marriage-register of St. Peter's Church, Sandwich, is annexed in a note). "She was the daughter of James Lambert, who with his wife Mary came to Sittingbourne as an exciseman, some time before the year 1736; and who was soon after dismissed for misconduct: on this dismissal he set up a shop, and made greater gains by acting as bum-bailliff of Sittingbourne: yet he died in bad circumstances, on the 24th of May 1753 (Parish Register of Sittingbourne, in a note), his wife dying about the same time in a

mad-house." But at p. 19. he rises again, shelters his son-in-law in July 1761, who, after fourteen months of study and trials with this resurgent father-in-law, is established in the Excise, December 1762.

"He was sent as a supernumerary to gauge the brewers of Grantham; and in August 1764, he was employed to watch the smugglers of Alford. Whether, while he thus walked at Grantham, or rode as an exciseman at Alford, his practices had been misrepresented by malice, or his dishonesty had been detected by watchfulness, tradition has not told us; but it is certain that he was dismissed from his office in "August 1765." Here again we must notice the uncharitable disposition of his Biographer. If detected dishonesty had been the cause of his dismissal, how came he to be re-instated, and sent as Excise-officer to Lewes in Sussex, in March 1768? In no office under Government is any man employed again, who has been discharged for dishonest practices. Candour, therefore, would have stopped at the first cause assigned for his dismissal.

During his suspension, it is said, he was in London, reduced to extreme wretchedness, being absolutely without food, without raiment, and without shelter. "Bad, alas! must that man be who finds no friends in London." Mr. Pain, it seems, was not so bad but that he met with persons who, from disinterested kindness, gave him clothes, money, and lodging.

In the interval between his bare restoration and being sent on actual service by the Excise-office, he was engaged as an English usher by Mr. Noble, Master of an Academy in Lemon-street, and afterward by Mr. Gardnor, who then kept an academy in Kensington-square. His desire of preaching returned, and not being qualified for regular ordination, he exhibited in Moorfields, and in various populous places of England.

At Lewes, however, his affairs took a better turn; but here, as in every station in life, his Biographer loads him with invective, by saying, that "he lived on suspected as an exciseman, and unbeloved as a friend." Once for all, we must reprobate and then bid adieu to the numerous malignant reflections of the same kind, which are to be met with in almost every page, but which are so equivocally worded as just to iter clear of being actionable.

We shall pass them over, and select only interesting narrative. He lodged with Mr. Samuel Olive, a tobaccoist and shop-keeper of repute in Lewes, until the death of Mr. Olive, which happened

in July 1769. In 1770 he opened the shop as a grocer in his own name, and in March 1771 he married Elizabeth Olive, daughter to his deceased friend. Here he is accused of perjury, by swearing that he was a *bachelor*, for it is so expressed in the licence, when he knew he was a *widower*, and this is said to be a felony by the well-known Marriage Act of 26. Geo. II. c. 33. This point we leave to be settled by the Ecclesiastical Court, to which it belongs to investigate all frauds of this nature.

We are informed, p. 22. that while at Lewes, he was rather ambitious to shine as a *jolly fellow* among his private companions, than to be considered by his official superiors as an exciseman remarkable for diligence and fidelity; but at p. 27. in the same town, we find "he had risen by *superior energy*, more than by greater honesty, to be a *chief* among the excisemen." It is the duty of a reviewer to point out flat contradictions, from whatever motives they may be inferred.

It appears, "that Mr. Pain's first publication was an Election Song in praise of Mr. Rumbold, who stood candidate to represent the Borough of Shoreham in the year 1771. The following year, the inferior excisemen, who had long complained of their scanty salaries, totally inadequate to the increased price of provisions, and to the benefits the public revenue derive from their services, formed a design to apply to Parliament for redress; accordingly, a common contribution was made, and Pain was engaged to draw up their *Case*, which he published in an octavo pamphlet, which, besides the introduction, contains, *The State of the Salaries of the Officers of Excise*; and *Thoughts on the Corruption arising from the Poverty of Excise Officers*. On these topics, he says all that the ablest writer could have said. No relief however was obtained, for no Member could be found to move a subject so obnoxious to the Treasury.

By neglecting his shop to attend this business in London he became insolvent, his principal creditor seized his effects, and sold them by public auction, in virtue of a bill of sale. This exasperated the other creditors, who sued him, and he was obliged to conceal himself from the bailiffs in the cock-loft of an inn at Lewes some days, in danger of being starved, till Sunday once more came to his assistance, and he escaped to London. A very *indecent* relation of a complaint exhibited against him

by his wife, which we shall not repeat, terminated in a separation in 1774. The same year, he was finally dismissed from the Excise; and no man, except his biographer, will doubt the true reason, as it is well known, that writing to obtain higher salaries for officers under Government is high-treason against the Minister of the Department under which they serve: the application must be directed to such Minister, and if he signifies his disapprobation, thus the matter must end.

Neither this bankruptcy, nor dismissal from office, nor separation from his wife, weakened Pain's interest with the late George Lewis Scott, one of the Commissioners of Excise, who, finding he could not get him restored, strongly recommended him to Dr. Franklin, as a person who could, at that epoch, be useful to America; but the Doctor, it seems, disliked the man, and was displeased with Mr. Scott for the recommendation. Pain, however, found means to embark for America in September 1774; he arrived at Philadelphia a few months before the battle of Lexington, fought in April 1775. His first employment was that of shopman to Mr. Aitkin, a bookseller, and this situation, no doubt, gave him an opportunity, though not noticed by his Biographer, of strengthening his mental abilities by reading, and of qualifying himself for literary pursuits. With a thorough knowledge of that burthenome and slavish system of taxation, Excise Laws, which, though the necessities of the State have made them familiar to us in England, had been loudly complained of by the best political writers in all parts of Europe, from the time of their first institution; a more dangerous enemy, as an individual, to the mother country, or a fitter person to induce the Americans to revolt, could not have escaped from his native land. In popular tumults, men of strong natural abilities, and of a bold, enterprising genius, are the very characters whom the people select for Chiefs, either in the field: or in their private assemblies; it does not therefore appear in the least wonderful, that at such a time, and under such circumstances as the people of Philadelphia were then in, "he should have speedily risen from a shopman to a Statesman." Wooley rose from a more obscure origin to a much higher degree of political elevation.

"In 1775 he started from the bookseller's shop to the laboratory, and employed his fertile genius in experiments for  
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making saltpetre for the use of Congress, on easy terms, and to furnish a supply when importations from foreign countries should be impeded. We are not told how far this plan succeeded in furnishing the public magazines with gunpowder, but it was approved by Congress; and at the beginning of next year he published *COMMON SENSE*, an octavo pamphlet of sixty-three pages, which on all hands is allowed to have been the basis of the American revolt; for though the principal inhabitants of most of the Provinces were ripe for throwing off the British yoke, they could not rely on the common people, till Pain secured them in their interest by this inflammatory publication, addressed to the common sense of all the common people of North America. It was ably answered by Dr. William Smith, President of the College of Philadelphia, but with little success: the republican principles it disseminated spread far and wide, and the Abbé Raynal afterwards, in his famous History of the Revolution in America, made no scruple to purloin freely from Pain's *Common Sense*, without any acknowledgement of the theft; but our Adventurer detected and exposed the Frenchman's plagiarism, which added considerably to his literary triumph. This is acknowledged by his Biographer, who, though he means "to damn with faint applause," occasionally gives Pain more credit as a political writer than he intended. "It cannot be doubted that *Common Sense* was universally perused, and loudly applauded. The Americans had long wished the doctrines he taught to be true; and they thought the author infallible. They had for years been travelling on the road of Independence, and Pain shewed them the shortest way. The first edition was quickly sold; a second, with a Supplement of one third more, was immediately prepared. A German translation was printed. But who wrote it was the wonder, for it appeared in an anonymous form. It must be Adams, said the Bostonians: It must be Franklin, said the Philadelphians: It must be Washington, said the Virginians. Many months, however, had not elapsed, when our Author claimed his profits and his praise."

Thus encouraged, with the popular voice on his side, he made politics his chief study, and certainly was the most energetic writer the American Revolutionists could boast of. His next performance was an occasional paper, called *The Crisis*, which baffled the Negotiation of

the British Commissioners, and spirited up the Americans to continue the war. It was carried on to *thirteen numbers*; and his Biographer allows that he tried, with wonderful success, to inspire the Americans with confidence in their own abilities, and to infuse contempt of their opponent's negotiations and arms. In consequence of these services, he was appointed Secretary to the *Committee of Congress for Foreign Affairs*. This happened in the year 1777, and all foreign letters that were officially written by Congress after this epoch went from his office; and he of course enjoyed the correspondence of Franklin, though not his confidence. At the close of the same year, Silas Deane, the first Commercial Agent of Congress in Europe, was recalled, to make room for William Lee, the well-known Alderman of London. He arrived in America, on board the French fleet, in July 1778. The Sieur Gerard was publicly received by Congress in the following month; and Silas Deane was twice heard by Congress, in order to explain what he had been recalled to elucidate, the Congress affairs in Europe. Not being admitted to a third audience, he appealed to the free and virtuous citizens of America, professing great respect for the Congress, but disclosing to the country, that a sacrifice had been made of patriotism to cabal of family. The many, who saw two brothers of the Virginia Lees in the Congress, and another brother Ambassador at Vienna, and a fourth brother Envoy at Berlin, feared for popular rights, from aristocratical prevalence."

Here we must pause to notice, that the severest criticisms are made on Tom Pain the itymaker's style, as illiterate and ungrammatical, yet surely there cannot be a worse framed paragraph than the above, by the Rev. Mr. Oldys, A. M. of the University of Pennsylvania, or the real writer, whoever he is, of Pain's *Life*. The simple, pure construction of the above, appears to us to be as follows: The populace, who saw two brothers of the Virginian Lees in Congress, another Ambassador at Vienna, and a fourth Envoy at Berlin, feared, &c. Innumerable instances might be produced of defective style in this writer, who casts the first stone at poor Pain.

An imprudent attack upon Deane and Robert Morris, through the channel of the news-papers, betrayed him into a very unjustifiable measure, for he published therein what he could only know confidentially from the foreign correspondence, as Secretary.

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The French Envoy formally complained to Congress of this infidelity, which exposed the intrigues of his Court. Being called upon by Congress to declare if he was the author of the papers complained of, he avowed it without hesitation, and was obliged to resign his office on the 8th of January 1779. From this period to 1783 we have little concerning him worthy of notice: "he then published his *last Crisis*, on the same day that a cessation of hostilities was proclaimed. This Essay was soon *after* printed as a pamphlet, entitled, *Pain's Thoughts on the Peace*. In eighteen pages he concluded his valedictory oration in the following sentence: *Now, Gentlemen, you are independent; sit down, and be happy.*"

"He busied himself for several years, *after this*, in soliciting the American Assemblies to grant him some reward, for having contributed, by his labours, to make the American Citizens Independent. New York conferred on him forfeited lands at New Rochelle, which being uncultivated produced no income. Pennsylvania gave him five hundred pounds, which, at *six per cent* may be considered as a pension of thirty pounds a year.— But as his pen was no longer wanted by the United States, he departed for France in the autumn of 1786. He arrived at Paris the beginning of 1787, and exhibited to the French Academy the model of a bridge, which shewed that he had a genius equally formed for mechanics and politics. On the 3d of September in the same year, he arrived at the White Bear in Piccadilly, just thirteen years after his departure for Philadelphia. In London he did not remain long, but hastened to Thetford, where he found his mother, who was now advanced to the age of ninety, but oppressed by penury. At the æra of rejoicing for independence, this dutiful son had remitted his necessitous parent twenty pounds, in payment, no doubt, of the money which had been lent him on bond before his emigration. He now talked of allowing his mother nine shillings a week, to be paid by Whiteside, an American merchant in London; but owing to the confusion of that trader's affairs, or to some other cause, the allowance was soon stopped.

"Before the end of the year he returned to London, and published his *Prospects on the Rubicon; or, an Investigation into the Causes and Consequences of the Politics to be agitated at the Meeting of Parliament*. This is an octavo tract,

of sixty-eight pages, which treats of the state of the nation." It should seem that he treated the affairs of Holland in a masterly manner, by the slight notice with which his Biographer passes over this subject.— "The affairs of Holland, which were then unsettled, are now a subject of history, whose pen will do justice to the conductors of a great transaction to happy end."

"During the year 1788, Mr. Pain was chiefly occupied in building his bridge. For this end he made a journey to Rotherham in Yorkshire, in order to superintend the casting of the iron, by that ingenious and respectable citizen Mr. Walker. This project cost him a large sum, which was mostly furnished by Mr. Whiteside. The bridge remains to this day, erected on a piece of ground behind the Yorkshire Stingo, opposite Liffon Green, and is shewn at one shilling each person. As this was not the first iron bridge that was known to the English world, it is not easy to discover, why the projector, having a model, should incur so great an expence merely to make a show." This is the language of his Biographer; but if ever there was an instance of genius deriving advantage from the very obscurity and low occupation so much derided in Paine, it is this of the bridge in question. It might have been the invention, and have done honour to the talents of a Marlborough or a Saxe; being an arch constructed of iron, *one hundred and ten feet* in the span, five feet from the spring, and *twenty two feet* in breadth. On the same principle that pieces of whalebone of the proper length for stays are run up between the stitched tabby or jane, iron bars pass up through pieces of shaped iron, not above a foot long, resembling the representation of an hour-glass, when drawn or engraved on a flat surface; of these pieces, the sides, balustrades, and whole compact union of the bridge are formed; the iron rods passing through the centres, are fastened by iron keys: it may be thrown over a river for an army to pass, and afterwards be taken to pieces and packed up in military chests or camp waggons. The model could not demonstrate the practicability and use, so well as the Bridge itself; of this circumstance, however, Mr. Oldys chose to be ignorant.

His next work was "*Rights of Man*," in answer to Mr. Burke's Observations on the French Revolution. Mr. Pain's was only one, of a swarm of answers to Mr. Burke,

Burke, yet it excited more bustle and resentment than all the rest put together; and the writer of his life has gone great lengths indeed in blackening his character, and involving respectable persons, whom he mentions in situations and connections respecting Pain and his pamphlet totally unknown to them. His remarks upon the style and reasoning we shall leave to politicians and critics, and only add, that he departed for France about the middle of last May, returned to London to celebrate the French Revolution, at the Crown and Anchor, on the 14th of July, but was not at the dinner,

for he did not get there till eight o'clock in the evening, when, says his Biographer, "the multitude had frowned the 750 celebrators into the obscurity of their homes."

He is silent as to what became of Pain after that night, and concludes, in the same disposition which guides his pen through 129 pages, with the following paragraph:

"Biography treats only of the past. Prophecy alone can reveal the future. And as we are not prophets, we will not conjecture with regard to our author's subsequent life and fate."

M.

**A** Journey through Spain, in the Years 1786 and 1787; with particular Attention to the Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Population, Taxes, and Revenue, of that Country; and Remarks in passing through a Part of France. By Joseph Townshend, A. M. 3 Vols. 8vo. 15s. Dilly.

(Concluded from Page 113.)

**T**HE attention given by our Author to works of taste, and his descriptions of great cities and towns, constitute the chief excellence of his work. At a moment when we have just been struck with astonishment at the impolitic and despotic conduct of the King of Spain, in publishing edicts that, if not mitigated, must have driven many thousands of industrious and useful foreigners from his dominions, it cannot be uninteresting to know the present state of Madrid, the capital, and the seat of government, from which we may form an idea of the fatal consequences that must have followed the enforcing such rigid ordinances.

Madrid has fifteen parishes, seven thousand three hundred and ninety-eight houses, thirty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-five families, and one hundred and forty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-three individuals, sixty-six convents, sixteen colleges, eighteen hospitals, five prisons, and fifteen gates built of granite, most of which are elegant. The principal arch of the *Puerta de Alcala* is seventy feet high, and the two lateral ones are thirty-four, all well proportioned. It is by Sabitini, and does credit to his taste."

'Either the Editor of the last edition of Brookes's Gazetteer, being the *sixth*, London, 1786, or Mr. Townshend, must be very inaccurate; for Brookes states the computed number of inhabitants at Madrid to be 300,000, and our Author, who made his calculation on the spot in 1786, and, as he declares, with close attention, reckons no more than 147,543.

How it was possible for him to number below 50, we cannot comprehend. But admitting, for the sake of even numbers, that the city contains 148,000 inhabitants, what a disproportion this gives of the capital of an ancient kingdom, possessed of extensive domains in Europe, of Colonies, and of gold and silver mines in America, compared with the inhabitants of the capitals of some modern kingdoms, which the Court of Spain would consider as inferior Sovereignities, not to be placed in the same rank in the political estimation of grandeur, wealth, or consequence. Naples and its suburbs reckon 300,000; Lisbon, before the earthquake of 1755, computed 200,000. We therefore cannot but be of opinion, that Mr. Townshend has considerably under-rated the inhabitants of Madrid; but if he is near the truth, what a wretched situation must it have been reduced to, if all the foreigners who refused to embrace the Roman Catholic religion, and to take an oath to be faithful to that religion, &c. or to leave the kingdom within one month, had quitted it. See Foreign Intelligence, in our Magazine for last month, page 153.

"It is impossible," says our Author, "to view the *New Palace* without the most exquisite delight. It presents four fronts, each of four hundred and seventy feet in length, and one hundred feet in height up to the cornice, inclosing a quadrangle of one hundred and forty feet. These fronts are relieved by numerous pillars and pilasters, and over the cornice is a balustrade to hide the leaden roof. The height

height of the North front is considerably above the others, exhibiting five stories, besides the entresols and underground apartments. With the balustrade, on pedestals, are placed a series of Kings of Spain, from Ataulfo to Fernando VI. The plan is somewhat singular. On the principal floor is a suite of apartments, large and elegant, which communicate all round the Palace, receiving light from the fronts, and inclosing rooms for the domestics, which have light from a spacious gallery within. This gallery runs all round the quadrangle, over an open portico, or piazza, and is covered by a terrace. The foundation of this edifice was laid in the year 1737, three years after the old Palace had been destroyed by fire; and to prevent the like accident in future, the whole is upon arches."

"The most striking *feature* in this Palace is the Audience-Chamber, *Sallon de los Reynos*, which is a double cube of ninety feet, hung with crimson velvet, and which, with its sumptuous canopy and painted roof, makes a most magnificent appearance. The paintings of the ceilings are by Tiepolo, Giacinto, Bayere, Vilazquez, Maella, and Mengs."

The following account of the academy of *ennobled*, or what we should call the polite arts, deserves particular notice, as it includes an oblique just censure on the management of our British Museum, and exhibits a striking contrast to the narrow principles on which our Royal Academy is conducted:

"The next morning I presented myself to Don A. Powz, the President, a man of taste and judgement in the arts, who conducted me through all the numerous and magnificent apartments which have been given up to this institution. In the evening I returned to see the pupils at their work, when I had the pleasure to find *two hundred and eighty* boys engaged in drawing, *twenty* employed in architecture, and *thirty-six* modelling in clay; some from casts, and others from a living subject. Every *month* prizes are distributed to stimulate their diligence. This Academy, like that at Barcelona, is open to the whole world, and every thing is provided for the pupils at the King's expence.

"The Cabinet of Natural History is accessible to all; there is no need to wait for *tickets*, but at the appointed hours any person who is decent in his appearance is admitted to walk round the rooms, and to examine what he pleases, as long as the

doors are open; if he is peculiarly devoted to one branch of natural history, he is not hurried away from that, with the gaping multitude, and compelled to spend the allotted portion of time in apartments which contain nothing to his purpose. This circumstance gave me peculiar pleasure, because my chief attention has ever been to minerals.

"The collection of the King of Spain is truly magnificent, but far from being well chosen or well arranged. For intrinsic value in silver, gold, and precious stones, perhaps no cabinet ever equalled this; but for science, I had rather be master of the more humble collections of Mr. Charles Greville, or of Mr. Beilun."

Ample descriptions have been given by various travellers of the far-famed bull-fights at Madrid; we shall therefore refer the reader whose curiosity on that subject has not been yet gratified to the detail given by our Author, in vol. I. beginning at page 342: but the calculation of the expence, and the circumstances attending them, we believe to be entirely new; and as the account of them may prove an interesting supplement to the descriptions of these feasts given in other works, which many gentlemen already have in their possession, we must take the liberty to insert it.

"Monday, June 19, in the morning, I attended at the Bull Feast. The Amphitheatre is three hundred and thirty feet diameter, and the arena two hundred and twenty-five. It is said to contain 15,000 spectators, but I doubt the truth of this assertion. The price of admission differs considerably, according as you are covered or exposed, in the sun or in the shade. A box for the day, which may conveniently accommodate eight or ten people, in the shade, will cost 3l. 12s. sterling; but in the sun, 4l. 16s. and between both 2l. 8s. Fashionable people take a box. A seat, if covered, in the shade, and on the front bench, costs 7s. 3d. for the day; but a back seat in these covered benches, on the sunny side of the theatre, is only 3s. The cheapest seat for the day, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, to rain, if it should rain, and to the overwhelming heat of the summer's sun, is something more than 1s. 2d. and the fondness of the Spaniards for this diversion is scarcely to be conceived. Men, women, and children, rich and poor, all give the preference to it beyond all other public spectacles."

"The Bull Feasts are every week, frequently

quently twice in the week during the summer; and each day six victims suffer in the morning, and twelve in the evening. Formerly they used high bred horses, and lost few of them; but since they have adopted a different system, many are killed at every feast. It happened once that sixty horses perished in one day. For these they give, upon an average, only 3l. sterling, whereas the bulls are reckoned at 8l. each. The stated expences are enormous, but I have my accounts from the best authority.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |     |    |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| The alguazils, the guards, and attendants, cost per day, in sterling money                                                                                                                                                                    | £.  | s. | d. |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 27  | 15 | 0  |
| The two Matadors (combatants on horseback) in chief                                                                                                                                                                                           | 30  | 0  | 0  |
| The two inferior Matadors                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 14  | 0  | 0  |
| The eight Banderilleros;—young men on foot, with little cloaks, or banners, to distract the bull's attention, and bundles of little arrows, to fix into his neck, not, however, attacking him from behind, but meeting him in front, 3l. each | 24  | 0  | 0  |
| The two Picadors, other horsemen, who fight the bull, previous to the entrance of the Matadors, who are appointed to kill him                                                                                                                 | 27  | 0  | 0  |
| If more are required, each receives for the morning 6l. for the evening 7l. 10s.                                                                                                                                                              |     |    |    |
| The mules, drivers, and other expences                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 18  | 12 | 0  |
| The eighteen bulls, suppose at 8l.                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 144 | 0  | 0  |
| Suppose 17 horses at 3l.                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 51  | 0  | 0  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 336 | 7  | 0  |

The Priest who attends to administer the sacrament (to the dying combatants) receives no pay.

To compensate for this expence, and to yield a balance in favour of the General Hospital, to instance only one day, July 3, 1786, the receipts were as follow:

|                                                       |     |    |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|---|
| Collected for the seats, and for people to sell water | 605 | 13 | 6 |
| Received for the 18 dead bulls                        | 70  | 4  | 0 |
| Received for 17 horse-skins                           | 6   | 14 | 6 |
|                                                       | 682 | 12 | 0 |
| Deduct expences                                       | 336 | 7  | 0 |
| Balance in favour of the General Hospital at Madrid.  | 346 | 5  | 6 |

"The week following the receipts were more than eleven hundred pounds; but the average may be fairly stated at seven hundred pounds a day, leaving a balance of near four hundred pounds a day for the service of the hospital."

Of the mode of life and manners of the better sort of people in Spain, our Author gives a very full and satisfactory description, fixing his meridian at Madrid, where he passed the winter of 1786, including part of 1787: this was his second return to the capital, after a journey to the Asturias, through Valladolid and Leon, and from thence to the Escorial. In this tour we find very little that has not been related before, and in some respects much better; but the polite attentions of our gallant Clergyman to the ladies, has enabled him to describe their manners and customs at Madrid in a superior style, calculated to remove ancient English prejudices against Spanish husbands, who are no longer, it seems, to be considered as domestic tyrants, barring their windows with iron, and keeping their wives under lock and key. What he advances upon this subject is very amusing. "When you pay a visit to a lady (for, wherever there is a lady in the family, the visit is to her) you neither knock at the door, nor ask any questions of the porter, but go straight forwards to the room where she usually receives her company, and there you seldom fail to find her, morning, noon, and night; in winter, sitting near the brazier, surrounded by her friends, unless when she is gone to mass. The friends are mostly gentlemen, because ladies seldom visit in a familiar way; and of the gentlemen thus assembled, one is commonly the *cortejo*, I say commonly, because it is not universally the case. During the whole of my residence in Spain, I never heard of jealousy in a husband, nor could I ever learn for certain that such a thing existed; yet, in the conduct of many ladies, whether it proceeds from the remains of delicacy, from a sense of propriety, or from fear, you may evidently see caution, circumspection, and reserve, when their husbands are in sight. Some have address enough to keep the *cortejo* in concealment, and this in Spain is attended with no great difficulty, because, when the ladies go to mass, they are so disguised as not to be easily distinguished. Their dress upon that occasion is peculiar to the country. They all put on the *basquina* or black silk petticoat, and the *mantilla*, which serves the double purpose of a cloak and veil, so as completely, if required, to hide

hide the face. Thus disguised, they are at perfect liberty to go where they please. But should they be attended by a servant, he is to be gained, and therefore he becomes little or no restraint. Besides this, every part of the house is so accessible by day, and the husband is so completely nobody at home, so seldom visible, or if visible, so perfectly a stranger to all who visit in his family, that the lover may easily escape unnoticed. This, however, will not always satisfy the Spanish ladies, who, being quick of sensibility, and remarkable for strong attachment, are miserable when their *cortejo* is out of sight. He must be present every moment in the day, whether in private or in public, in health or sickness, and must be everywhere invited to attend them." Other travellers, particularly Dr. Moore, consider these constant attendants in the light of Masters of the Ceremonies, or conductors of the ladies to all public places, and to be at their elbow at home, to shew them a thousand little civilities, which the fashion of the country obliges the husband to perform to some other married lady, though he might wish to give his wife the preference; but the Rev. Mr. Townshend knows the force of the maxim *experientia docet*, and invariably contrives the Spanish word *cortejo* into lover, a sense it will by no means bear—gentleman-utler, or even train-bearer would come nearer the mark.

"As soon as any lady marries, she is teased by numerous competitors for this distinguished favour, till she is fixed in her choice; when the unsuccessful candidates either retire, or submit to become, in future, what may be called *cortejos* of the brasier, without any pretensions beyond that of sitting round the embers to warm themselves in winter." This is one of our author's inconsistencies, of which there are not a few; for those who were unsuccessful candidates for one lady, most probably succeeded with some others; and as in that case they must be upon duty "constantly at the side of those who selected them," the *cortejos* of the brasier must be creatures of his own creation.

"It is reckoned disgraceful to be sickle, yet innumerable instances are seen of ladies who often change their lovers.—Some have changed so often, and have been so unfaithful to every engagement, that, universally despised, they end with having no *cortejo*."

"The first chosen *cortejo* must not take notice of any other lady in public; and if any gentleman would converse with his

lady, in a few minutes she appears confused, and filled with fear that she may have given offence. In all probability she has; and should she be the first Duchess in the kingdom, and her *cortejo* only a non-commissioned officer in the army, she may be treated with personal indignity; and we have heard of one who was dragged by the hair about the room. But if, instead of giving, she should happen to have taken offence, even the more delicate will fly like a tygres at his eyes, and beat him in the face till he is black and blue. It sometimes happens, that a lady becomes weary of her first choice—her fancy has fixed upon some new object, and she wishes to change; but the former, whose vanity is flattered by the connection, is not willing to dissolve it. In lower life, this moment gives occasion to many of those assassinations which abound in Spain; but in the higher classes, among whom the dagger is proscribed, the first possessor, if he is a man of spirit, maintains possession, and the lady dares not discard him, lest an equal combat should prove fatal to the man of her affections. In this contest the husband is out of sight, and tells for nothing."

So much for Spanish gallantry; we will now advert to religious topics, on which we may expect to find the Rector of Pewsey, Wilts, more conversant, and more judicious in his remarks; yet even in this department strange improbabilities occur. For instance, the revenue of the Archbishop of Toledo is stated at *ninety thousand pounds sterling* a year, yet this famous city is fallen to decay, and reduced from 200,000, its antient number, to 25,000 inhabitants. The Archbishop of Seville enjoys only thirty-three thousand pounds a year; yet Seville contains 80,248 souls, and is in a most flourishing condition. No reason is assigned for this strange disproportion.

Our author is a warm advocate for toleration, and laments with every sensible man, that so many English and Irish Roman Catholics should be educated in foreign countries, because they can not have universities and academical establishments in their own countries; and others employed in the military and naval services of foreign Princes, because their religion precludes them from holding commissions under their rightful Sovereign. Mr. Townshend, by his account of the religious processions, of the power of the Inquisition, of the influence of the Priests, Monks and Friars, and of the false devotion of the multitude, clearly demon-

strates that superstition and bigotry pervade the whole kingdom of Spain, and effectually prevent all advances towards such improvements as have taken place in the civil and religious constitutions of other potent kingdoms in the course of the present century.

Our author appears to have some skill in the science of medicine, which when connected with the sacerdotal functions, affords frequent opportunities of benevolent exertions for the benefit of both soul and body. Having occasion to mention the diseases which prevail in Spain, and more particularly the putrid fever which frequently rages at Alicant and its neighbourhood, with the method of treatment by the physicians, introduces not unaptly a striking picture of Spanish superstition, which goes greater lengths than the Portuguese, who are generally considered as the most bigoted to the childish and absurd superstitions of the Church of Rome, of any nation in Europe. "It is happy," says our author, "for the people, that they have another source of hope, under the various diseases and accidents incident to the human frame, besides the skill of their physicians, a source of hope that never fails them at any season of distress. Thus, for instance, St. Anthony the Abbot secures his votaries from fire, and St. Anthony of Padua delivers them from water: St. Barbara is the refuge of the timid in times of thunder and of war;

St. Blas cures disorders of the throat; St. Lucia heals all diseases of the eyes; St. Nicholas is the patron of young women who desire to be married; St. Raman is their powerful protector during pregnancy; and St. Lazaro assists them when in labour: St. Polonia preserves the teeth; St. Domingo cures the fever; and St. Roque is the Saint invoked under apprehensions of the plague. And thus in all diseases, and under every pressure of affliction, some Saint is accessible by prayer, whose peculiar province it is to relieve the object of distress."

Beside the Plate of the Devil eating Heretics, the three volumes are decorated with a picturesque view of the village *St. Andrés de Aquira* at the entrance of the Asturias; another of *Aguerina* and the habitation of *Cardinal Cienfuegos*; and a bird's-eye view of the palace of the Escorial and the road to it. These plates are engraved in a masterly manner. There are likewise three plates at the end of the third volume of Spanish ploughs, and other instruments of husbandry, which cannot be of any use to the farmers of this country, who are in possession of much better, in consequence of the premiums offered and continued for many years past, for inventions and improvements of such instruments. Had our author visited the Society's repository in the Adelphi, he might have spared himself the trouble and expence of these plates.

Prospects and Observations, on a Tour in England and Scotland, Natural, Economical, and Literary. By Thomas Newte, Esq. With a Map of Scotland on a large Scale; and 23 Engraved Copper-plates. 4to. 1l. 1s. Robinsons.

[Continued from Page 124.]

THE third of those spaces, or courses, into which Captain Newte divides his extensive Tour, extends from the entrance into the Highlands at Loch-lomond to Inverness. In this tract we have very animated and picturesque descriptions of Glencroe, Cairndow, Inverary, and Loch-Fine; Dalmally, with Loch-awe; and Oban-bay, with a plan not more ingenious than practicable, at a trifling expence, for the promotion of the Fisheries. This plan, we are happy to be well-informed, has attracted, and is at present under the attention of Lord Hawkesbury, and others of his Majesty's Ministers.

From Oban our traveller goes on to Bunawe, Loch-Etive, Ben-cruachan, Dunstaffnage, Dunoliy, and Appin, describing the scenery, and making various re-

flections on those places. He proceeds to Glencoe, King's House, Tyndrum, Fort William, with the neighbouring lakes, Letter-Findlay, and the adjacent country. Here he makes the following observations on the state of the country and political society.

"As climate here is so much complained of, and the ripening of the corn is a matter of great uncertainty, the grazing ground might, at a small expence at first, be made more productive than it is at present, by adopting the method used in Derbyshire, of large inclosures, where grass will always grow better than when it is entirely open: this would feed more black cattle, and employ more people to attend them than sheep do, the rearing of which, I clearly see, if continued to its present

present extent, will depopulate the whole country; for one family can attend as many sheep as several miles will graze.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,  
While wealth accumulates and men decay;  
Princes and Lords may flourish, or may fade,  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :

But a bold Peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

“ Another plan is absolutely necessary for the improvement of all this country, which is, to grant long leases to the tenants, and to make it their interest to live at home and cultivate the land. By these means, the estates would, in time, be greatly benefited, the landlord might raise his rents without oppressing the tenant, and those people who are now, to all appearance, truly miserable and wretched, rendered comfortable and happy. I have heard it alledged in defence or in excuse of letting the land to the natives, only on sufferance, that long leases might, in many instances, lead to indolence, and preclude those improvements which might be otherwise introduced, from time to time, by the proprietor. But in all regulations and laws regard is to be had to their general operation. And, with respect to the present subject, the question plainly is, whether the possession of leases will tend more to nourish indolence in the tenant, than the want of them to perpetuate rapacity and oppression in the landlord? Here, such a traveller as Dr. Johnson would have an opportunity of speculating on the moral nature of man, and the changes thereon produced by the different forms of political society. It is sufficient for our present purpose to observe, that indolence is not the ruling passion of men or nations; but that, on the contrary, growing desires and wants, as civilization advances in its progress, rouse them more and more into action; and, therefore, that the same increase of luxury which would induce the landlord to rack his tenant, would dispose his tenant to seek, by his industry, the means of keeping pace at least, if not of making a figure among his neighbours. It was a very happy fancy in a linen manufacturer near Glasgow, who, being desirous to encourage the spinning of linen yarn in certain sequestered corners in the Western Highlands, sent annually a parcel of small horses, or jack-asses, laden with ribbands, snuff, and tobacco, and other articles agreeable to the taste of the inhabitants. These, he found, operated more powerfully towards the ex-

citement of industry, as they made a more direct impression on the imagination, than even money itself, which ministered to their wants in a more circuitous manner. The Chieftain, in many places, lets the land, in large lots, to renters; who sublet it again, in small parcels from year to year, to the lower class of the people, and squeeze every thing out of them that they can possibly get, leaving them only a bare subsistence. I am happy, however, in being informed, that there are landholders in the Highlands who begin now to see the advantage of letting their land in small lots.

“ It is to be observed here, that there is a distinction between the renters to whom I now allude, and those known, or rather formerly known under the name of Tacksmen: I say formerly known, for this class of men, that constituted the middling rank in society, and consequently the strength and heart of the country, have, for the most part, been obliged to abandon the possessions that had descended to them from father to son, through a long course of generations, and many of them, to seek an asylum beyond the Atlantic. It is to the dispossession of the Tacksmen chiefly that we are to ascribe those melancholy emigrations that have happened from time to time, in the course of the last twenty years, from the islands, and Western and Northern coasts of Scotland. The case of those men is exceedingly hard, and such, I am perfectly convinced, as if it had happened in England, would not only have been universally deplored as cruel, but considered as unjust and illegal.

“ The Tacksmen of the Highlands were usually descendants of those heads of families of whom they held their lands. In former times, as is generally known, before the introduction, at least before the improvement of arts and commerce, in Scotland, there were no other ways in which gentlemen had it in their power to make provision for their younger sons than to send them into foreign military service, or to settle them on portions of their own estates, reserving to themselves and the elder branches of the family certain annual rents and services. These grants were not understood to be temporary, or revocable at the caprice of any succeeding feudal superior, but perpetual. The Chief who made them, concerned for the welfare and stability of all his children, or rather near relations, consulted their happiness by placing them in advantageous farms; and the dignity, at the same time, of the representatives of his family, by the de-

messes that remained in their own hands, as well as by the annual rents already mentioned, paid for the most part in kind, and therefore commutable, at any given period, with the varying value of money. It is not to be presumed, in fair and equitable construction, that the farms, or conditional grants of lands were ever intended to be revoked, while the original motive for making them remained undiminished. But that motive not only remained undiminished, but every day, by the increase of those to be provided for (and the warm attachment of the ancient Scots to their kindred is universally allowed), was strengthened.

"In some periods and in some places those grants of farms were made by a conveyance emblematical and verbal: in other periods, and other places, not only by means of emblems, but in writing. In Argyleshire, and on the eastern side of the Highlands, it became common to convey land, and make other transferences of property in writing, at a time when letters were but little known, and less in use, in those quarters that were cut off by their remoteness from that intercourse which introduced the art and practice of writing into the districts contiguous to the civilized Lowlands. Hence it very naturally happened, that in the southern parts of Argyleshire, in Perthshire, Aberdeenshire, Murray, and Ross, grants of land were made in writing, while in Invernesshire, Sutherlandshire, the northern parts of Argyleshire, and the Western Islands, the old mode was continued, of verbal or emblematical transference. In Ross-shire, particularly, it would appear that letters, and the use of letters in civil affairs, had been early introduced and widely spread: for property is more equally divided in that county than in most other counties in Scotland, and than in any other of the Highlands. Agreeably to these observations, it is from the great estates on the northern and western sides of Scotland, that the descendants of the original Tacksmen of the land, with their families, have been obliged to migrate by the positive and unrelenting demands of rent beyond what it was in their power to give, and, indeed, in violation of those conditions that were understood, and observed between the original grantor and original tenant, and their posterity, for centuries. In all other countries, and in all other cases, civil rights are confirmed by antiquity of possession. By a strange perversity of circumstances, it has happened in the northern part of this island, and, it

seems, may happen, that a right of property in land is not confirmed by length of time, but undermined and subverted. It is not undoubtedly, that there is any thing magical in a piece of paper or parchment marked by certain figures, that written documents are accounted a proper conveyance of property in land or other tenements: No. To assert this, would be to confound the substance with the shadow. Written records are of no other authority than as far as they serve to declare the mutual consent of the contracting parties. This consent, before the use of letters, was more emphatically declared by the mutual deliverance and acceptance of stone and earth, or other symbols: and so natural and expressive did this practice, which was called *seisin*, appear to the common sense of mankind, that it has not yet been wholly superseded by the use of letters, either in Scotland or England. *Seisin*, occupancy, long and uninterrupted possession form the most substantial right that is generally to be found to any species of property. Yet this right so plain, so palpable, and universally respected by men and nations, has been openly and flagrantly violated in the case of the unfortunate Tacksmen. This class of men, bred up in an hereditary attachment to the heads of their families, must, no doubt, be equally surprised and grieved at a sudden call, as if they were strangers, either to come forward with exorbitant rents, or to leave forever the beloved haunts of their youth, the seats of their ancestors for ages, the kindred soil over which the genius of their forefathers seemed still to hover, and to which their souls steadfastly cleave with a kind of filial affection.

"The enormity of that treatment, they insist, which has occasioned the emigration of so great a number of the middling gentry, who form the strength, and do the honours, as it were, of the country, is aggravated by the consideration that there was a period when the Chief, who expels the Tacksmen from his hereditary possession, had himself no other right to his domain than that of occupancy, though a written charter was procured afterwards. The King, or Commander in Chief of the Army, parcelled out the land to his officers, on the necessary and obvious condition, that they should maintain, and be ready to bring into the field, a certain force for the support of that government under the authority of which they held their new possessions. The Chiefs who held directly of the Crown distributed the greater part of their lands among the most distinguished

and most favoured of their adherents, generally of their own blood, on conditions similar to those on which they themselves held their estates of the Lord Paramount: these feudal vassals let smaller lots, under the name of ploughs of land, on similar conditions, to the husbandmen; and these again sub-let pendicles to the great body of the labouring people. The same analogy ran throughout the whole feudal system, from the throne to the lowest cottager. Neither the grant of the extensive domain to the immediate tenant of the crown, nor that of the tenant of the crown to his vassal, nor that of his vassal to the husbandman, nor that of the husbandman to the pendicler and cotter, was, in the earliest times of feudality, absolute and perpetual, but conditional, and originally understood to be only for life; as appears from certain fines that were levied, when the son or next heir was permitted to succeed to the possession of his father. But sanction and security were diffused over the possessions of the Chief by the venerable veil of time: which, if it is at all to be respected, ought to protect the inheritance of a vassal to a subject, as well as that of the vassal of the crown.

"The actual system of landed property in the west of Europe, has varied its form with the prevailing character of successive ages. It has been accommodated to the rude simplicity of the more antient times, as well as to the feudal chivalry of the middle ages. In the present times, it is every where subjected to a new modification, from the genius and maxims of a commercial age, and from increasing industry and cultivation. But, from this modification, flagrant oppressions have arisen; the lordly Chief applying the maxims of an age in which money is the universal representative, and letters the universal media of transferring property, to establishments founded in times when the great proprietors of land, wholly employed in hunting, military exploits, and rude conviviality, never dreamed of increasing their fortunes by means of commerce; which if they had known, they would have disdained. The glory of the Chief was the glory of all his kindred and name; and the numbers and fidelity of his vassals and tenants, again, were what constituted the power and consequence of the Chief. The produce of the land, corn, cattle, fish, and game, were spent on the estate, but chiefly at the mansion-houses of the great, in generous hospitality. And in those times, the Highlanders were better fed, and, in general, finer men than they are at present. For now the cattle,

the salmon, and the very game, are either carried, or driven out of the country: nor has the faint dawn of commerce been yet able to supply that abundance which preceded it.

"It is in these circumstances, when the rude majesty, and the strong attachments of feudal times have been exchanged for a general venality, according to the language of some, or a spirit of commerce and improvement, according to that of others, that certain Highland Chiefs have dared to dispossess their vassals of tenements inherited by their families antecedently to the use of letters."

This reasoning will probably appear as strong to the extruded Tacksmen and their descendants and heirs, as it will appear invidious and alarming to many Highland Chieftains, particularly to Lord Macdonald, who, with a large fortune in land and money, complains, it is reported, that his thinly-peopled estates are "*too populous*."

Captain Newte proceeds to Fort Augustus, with the neighbouring mountains, lakes and rivers; the General's Hut and the Fall of Foyers. He arrives through the great glen which intersects the island to Inverness, which he describes, with its environs, and the soil, climate, and shape of the country. From Inverness he pursues his journey to Culloden, Cawdor-Castle, Tarnaway, Kilravack, and Cantray. He takes particular notice of immense plantations of trees by the Earl of Moray; and various improvements, on a grand and liberal scale, at Cantray, by the proprietor, Mr. Davidson. He gives an account, in his progress, of the town of Nairne, Forres, Elgin, Fochabers, Gordon Castle, Strathspey, with Strathspey music, the formation of the Murray-Frith, and other inlets of the sea, and low grounds or carles in Scotland; Pluscardine Abbey, and the benefits which the Scots and other nations owe to monachism; Cullen, Portsoy, Bamff, Duff-house, village of Macduff, Old Deer, Fraserburgh, Kinnaird's Head, draining of lakes, the nature of the country, the boilers or boilers of Buchan, Slaine's Castle, Ellan, Haddo, Fyvie, Bogny, and agricultural improvements near this last-mentioned place by Captain Shand, who also makes a figure in this Tour as a Military Antiquarian. Here our ingenious and well-informed author proposes an economical plan for settling half-pay officers in farms, on perpetual leases of crown lands; and makes various strictures, not more ingenious than just, on Mr. Pitt's Sinking Fund, as also several observations on the

best means of alleviating the national debt. It cannot escape observation, and it may be considered as not a little singular, that Captain Newte, at the same time that he dedicates his book to the King, for whom he appears to entertain a personal and profound respect, yet makes no ceremony of exposing the futility of that measure on which his Prime Minister chiefly builds his claim to popular approbation. Captain Newte appears to be as independent in his mind as he is said to be in his fortune. He describes the country from Ellan to Aberdeen, Kildrumny Castle, Monimusk, the banks of the Don, and the excellence of the Scottish wool, which, notwithstanding all the airs that have been assumed by Dr. Anderson, and other *busy Bees*, was first discovered by the late ingenious and patriotic Mr. David Loch, of Edinburgh. On the subject of Scottish wool, Captain Newte relates the following anecdote of the immortal Lord Heathfield :

"The late immortal Lord Heathfield, a philosopher and political economist, as well as a consummate military commander, and who found the warmth of wool to be the sovereign alleviation of rheumatic and arthritical pain, bestowed particular praise on that of the islands on the western and northern shores of Scotland, and recommended it to the manufacturers of the Fleecy Hosiery, of which he was the zealous patron."

Captain Newte reviews the country between the river Nefs and the Don, and the genius, customs, and manners of the people. He particularly characterizes and contrasts the inhabitants of Murray and the Aberdonians. Of the Moravians he was informed of the following curious particular :

"In Murray, a very ludicrous union of things heterogeneous is exhibited by the country people in the ploughing of the land. There is nothing more common than to see small horses, jack-asses, stotts, or two years old bullocks, and even boar swine, all yoked together, and dragging, in good fellowship, the slight plough through the light and pliant soil. The Negroes have an observation, that among the white men, every living thing is made to work : 'The dog workee ; the ox workee ; the ass workee ; the horse workee ; the men and the women workee ; every thing workee but the hog : he be a gentleman.' It may be mentioned, among the peculiarities of the province of Murray, that here the hog is no gentleman. This unnatural and bizarre conjunction, in the eye of a Hindoo, would appear a monstrous abomination. So also it would have appeared to the ancient Jews,

Affyrians, and Egyptians. Such commixtures were prohibited, as abominations, by the Law of Moses."

Of the Aberdonians he says, "As you recede more and more eastward from Inverness, and approach more and more to Aberdeen, the soft and plaintive tone of the ancient and native Caledonians is exchanged for a dialect, sharp, unmusical, and affected ; being an awkward imitation of the English, ingrafted on a kind of dental pronunciation imported by the invaders of Scotland from Norway. This acuteness of sound accords not ill with that sharpness in business which is ascribed to the Aberdonians by the inhabitants of all the other counties in Scotland ; in the same manner that a particular acuteness and address, in this way, is attributed in England to the people of Yorkshire."

He goes on to give an account of the city of Old Aberdeen, its University, Library, and Professors. He describes New Aberdeen, which is a large and flourishing city ; the excessive dearth of land there ; the harbour and pier, the manufactures and commerce, the Marischal College, the genius and manners of the people. "The stile of living, and the manners of the individual inhabitants of Aberdeen, do not disgrace that public spirit which appears in their buildings. They are well-informed, polite, hospitable, cheerful, gay, and great lovers of music. Aberdeen, insulated from the South of Scotland by long land carriage, and the stony mountains from thence to Stone-haven, but approximated to London by easy water-conveyance, draws her circles of trade, as well as her terms in business, and the manner of her shops, directly from the British metropolis. Hence too, it may be fairly presumed, they derive, in part, that political vigilance and active patriotism for which, among the counties of Scotland, that of Aberdeen is justly distinguished. It was the gentlemen of Aberdeenshire who took the lead in those measures that have been pursued with very considerable success, for the abolition of nominal and fictitious votes, as it was the citizens of Aberdeen that first moved, and have been the most active in promoting a Reform in the Royal Burghs."

Our learned and public-spirited Author urges various reasons for translating one of the Colleges at Aberdeen to the capital of the Highlands—Inverness.

From Aberdeen our Traveller pursues his journey southward to Stone-haven, Dunottar Castle, Inverbervie, Montrose, Forfar, Glamis Castle, Cupar, Scone, and Perth.

(To be continued )

General

General Regulations for the Inspection and Controul of all the Prisons, together with the Rules, Orders, and Bye Laws, for the Government of the Gaol and Penitentiary House for the County of Gloucester, made, published, and declared at a General or Quarter-Sessions, held the 15th of July 1793, and confirmed by the Judges of Assize the 6th of August 1790. Second Edition. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Cadell.

FOR these regulations, which will do honour to the County of Gloucester, the public appear to be indebted to the unwearied assiduity of Sir George Onesiphorus Paul. That gentleman has shewn himself an able coadjutor to the celebrated Mr. Howard, and deserves to be mentioned with no small degree of eulogium for his industry, attention, and humanity; each of which qualities is visible in the present work. So long ago as the year 1784 Sir George published a pamphlet, stating the defects of prisons, and their then present system of regulation, which first excited the attention of the County of Gloucester. Since that period, he has zealously employed his time in producing a system of regulations which promise to be the model from whence many other coun-

ties will probably be indebted for their future security and repose. They appear to be practicable, and easy to be carried into execution; to be formed on the plans of humanity, and well adapted to the comfort and security of the prisoners. These regulations have been approved by the Magistrates of the County of Gloucester, and have had the sanction of two able Reviewers, the Judges Perryn and Buller, who certify that they have *reviewed* these Rules, Orders, and Regulations, and that they do not see any thing contrary to law in any or either of them, and therefore do confirm the same. The address of Sir G. O. Paul to the Justices is worthy the perusal of every Magistrate in the kingdom.

A Short Relation of the River Nile: Of its Source and Current; of its Overflowing the Campagna of Egypt till it runs into the Mediterranean, and of other Curiosities. With a new Preface. Written by an Eye-Witness, who lived many Years in the chief Kingdoms of the Abyssine Empire. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Lackington.

THIS is a republication of a work printed originally by order of the Royal Society in 1688. A late traveller, Mr. Bruce, having signified the Portuguese Missionaries as lying Jesuits, and refused them any credit in their accounts of Abyssinia; the present editor, in defence of the Holy Fathers, and particularly of the present author, insinuates, that Mr. Bruce has been more obliged to his predecessors than he has been willing to admit. "It will appear," says he, "from the perusal of the following pages, that

father Jeronimo, a *lying Jesuit*, had infallibly seen these celebrated fountains, and had given a true account of them in a plain, unassuming, and modest manner; and excepting some peculiarities of style, nearly in the same words as the writer of the present day. The inference is obvious. Beside the account of the Nile, many curious relations and reasonings are offered by this same lying Jesuit which form some of the most material parts of the five quarto volumes lately published."

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

The Directions of the LANCASHIRE HUMANE SOCIETY for the Recovery of Persons apparently dead, having been thought by some Persons to be more Philosophical and better founded in general Physiology than the Directions of any other HUMANE SOCIETY, from your known desire to render your MAGAZINE as useful as possible to the world, I trust you will give them a place in it.

Your humble servant,

VIATOR.

DIRECTIONS for the RECOVERY of PERSONS apparently dead by DROWNING, and other SPECIES of SUFFOCATION.

#### D R O W N I N G.

I. WHEN the body is taken out of the water, strip and wrap it closely in a coat, blanket, or other warm covering:

and convey it gently to the nearest commodious house, with the face upwards, and the head a little raised.

II. Lay it on a bed or mattress which

has been heated by a warming-pan, in a chamber containing a fire: or, *during summer*, in the sun-shine. Dry the body completely with warm cloths, and afterwards rub it diligently, but gently, with hot flannels on the *left* side, near the heart. Apply to the hands and feet cloths wrung out of hot water; and heated bricks; or bottles, or bladders half filled with hot water; or bags of hot grains or sand, to the stomach and arm-pits. Let a healthy person, of the same sex with the sufferer, lie down unclothed, on the *right* side of the body; and be employed in rubbing, and aiding other necessary operations.

If a tub of warm water be in readiness, let the body be placed in it up to the neck, and continued in it half an hour. The water should not be hotter than can be comfortably borne by the assistants; and the heat of all the applications before directed should be moderate.

When the body is taken out of the tub of water, it must be wiped dry; laid upon the bed; and treated according to the rules already given.

III. During the foregoing operations, put the pipe of a pair of bellows into one of the nostrils, the other nostril and the mouth being closed by an assistant; and blow gently, till the breast be a little raised. Let the mouth and nostril then be left free, and an easy pressure made upon the breast. Repeat this imitation of natural breathing till signs of returning life appear, when it is to be gradually discontinued.

N. B. If no bellows be at hand, let an assistant blow into the nostrils of the drowned person with his breath, through a quill, reed, or any other small pipe.

IV. When breathing begins to be renewed, let a feather dipt in spirit of hartshorn, or sharp mustard, be occasionally introduced into the nostrils. Pepper or snuff also may be blown into them. A glyster should now be given without delay, composed of equal parts of wine and hot water, with a small table spoonful of flour of mustard, or a tea spoonful of powdered pepper, ginger, or other spice. Rum, brandy, or gin, mixed with six times its quantity of hot water, with the addition of mustard, &c. may be used instead of wine.

V. As soon as the patient can swallow, administer to him, by spoonfuls, hot wine, or spirits mixed with water.

VI. When life is completely restored, the sufferer should remain at rest in a warm bed; be supplied moderately with wine-whey, ale-posset, or other nourish-

ing drinks; and gentle sweating should be encouraged.

## H A N G I N G.

I. IF a Medical Assistant be present, let him take a few ounces of blood from the jugular veins; or apply a cupping glass to the neck.

II. The other methods of treatment are to be the same as recommended for the recovery of drowned persons.

## SUFFOCATION BY NOXIOUS VAPOURS, OR LIGHTNING.

Sprinkle the face, and the whole body with cold water, if the heat of the sufferer be above or equal to that of a living person. But if the body feel cold, apply warmth gradually; and use the means directed under the head of Drowning. A small quantity of blood may also be taken from the jugular veins.

## F R O S T.

Take the body to the nearest room, with a fire-place, but not near the fire. Rub it with snow or cold water. Attempt warmth and breathing by slow degrees, in the way directed for the recovery of drowned persons.

## SMOTHERING in CHILD-BIRTH, by CONFINEMENT UNDER BED-CLOTHES, &c.

I. In still-born children, blow air into the mouth, through a quill, or any small tube, till the breast be a little raised; then gently press the chest; and repeat this process till natural breathing begins. Gently rub the body with warm flannels; and foment the legs and feet with water of a moderate degree of heat.

II. When a child has been smothered under the bed-clothes, if the body be too hot, as is commonly the case, expose it for a short time to a stream of fresh air, and sprinkle a little cold water on the face and breast; then fill the lungs, and follow the other directions above delivered.

No other means but those here recommended are ever to be employed; except by the authority of some judicious Physician, or of one of the Medical Assistants of the Society.

N. B. In all the above cases, immediately dispatch a messenger for Medical Assistance: send, also, another messenger to the nearest house, where warm water, grains, or other things of the same nature may be procured; with a good fire, and a warm bed for the reception of the unfortunate person.

## STRICTURES

## STRICTURES on VARIOUS PASSAGES in PAINE's "RIGHTS of MAN."

I DO not here propose entering into a regular confutation of all this writer's eccentricities, or to shew the fallaciousness of the various conclusions which he draws from his principles; I only give a few remarks which occurred to me in reading his pamphlet, upon the principal parts of it. It may not be amiss to premise, that the major part of these strictures were hastily written, with a pencil, in the margins opposite the passages animadverted on.

In page 46 Mr. Paine observes, that "every generation is *equal* in rights to the generations which preceded it, by the same rule that every individual is born *equal* in rights with his cotemporary."—Mr. Paine is not the first maintainer of this notion. The celebrated Hobbes, in his tract *De Corpore Politico*, ch. i. strongly asserts the same, and, at least, in full as able a manner as his present follower. But on the passage which I have cited I beg leave to remark, that the reasoning is vague, loose, and inconclusive; for in proportion as generations or individuals become more enlightened (at least in their own estimation) than those which preceded them, they will consider themselves as possessed of or entitled to *rights* which the others had no conception of. To pretend at establishing, therefore, a fixed system of "the rights of man," is an attempt full as good as to declare what shall be the ruling taste of a particular people a century to come.—All men have not the same sense of what constitutes human rights in society, consequently this idea of *equality* is totally destroyed.

This singular writer's expressions of "the *unity* and *equality* of man" are most ridiculously absurd; for no man with a single grain of that *common sense* which is obtained in the commerce of the world can deny that he feels, frequently, a consciousness of his inferiority to many of his cotemporaries in many valuable qualifications which are not adventitious but perfectly natural, and therefore proves that this distinction is the appointment of Infinite Wisdom, in respect of whom all men are, indeed, *equal*, but not so with respect to each other. Our author's attempt to prove his point from the Mosaic account of the creation of man, betrays an exceeding weakness of mind, as well as the weakness of his cause: for, admitting the most he wishes to make of this argument,

it proves, that men are only *relatively* equal to each other as *equally* proceeding from the same parent, who was created alone, but not *socially* so, as connected in a *society*, which the Almighty has established by the fixed and immutable laws of necessity.

Every other part of the sacred writings which considers man as in a state of society, totally condemns this notion of the human unity and equality, as being false in principle and contrary to experience.

A distinction of ranks in society is settled by nature, reason, and religion; nor does it depend upon the will of men whether it shall be so; for let any generation of them believe or do as they please to the contrary, still, while the world exists as it hath hitherto done, this distinction will unavoidably take place. To preserve this order of things, men are endowed by the Divine Being with different faculties and capacities. But by admitting this doctrine of *equality*, the husbandman cannot be bound down to the exercise of an occupation which the society may think him adequate to, but has an *equal right* to assume the office of a leader, a judge, or a minister, as his fancy shall dictate.

In page 47 Mr. Paine says, "It is not among the least of the evils of the present existing governments in all parts of Europe, that man, considered as man, is thrown back to a vast distance from his Maker, and the artificial chain filled up by a succession of turnpike-gates, through which he has to pass."—In opposition to this degradation of man, which our author so feelingly deploras, it must be confessed, that by this new doctrine man is taught to rush, impudently, to the very throne of his Maker, and to assert *rights* hitherto unheard of, and, in case those rights are questioned, to challenge the Divine proceedings by demanding, "*Why hast thou made me thus?*"—But, contrary to Mr. Paine's assertion, it is easily proved, that "*all* the governments in Europe" do not "throw man back from his Maker,"—but that it is the very *principle* of *all* of them to bring man home to his Maker, by preserving in his mind a due regard to his laws. They are sensible that the more hold religion has among their subjects, the more security is had of their obedience. It is principally, if not entirely, where religious principles decay, and the sense of a Divine Being grows weak, that people be-

come dissatisfied with and disobedient to their governors.—Has the boasted Revolution in France been productive of any moral reformation among the people? Have they been impressed with a stronger sense of their duty, as a nation and individuals, to the Almighty?—On the contrary, Does there not reign, at this moment, through all the French provinces, a raging and encreasing spirit of infidelity and licentiousness? Have we not lately seen to what a low ebb Christianity is reduced in that country, in the destruction of every thing that had the appearance of being sacred?—Are not the names of Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, Helvetius, and Mirabeau, men whose whole study and endeavour was to loosen the bands of religion and morality, are they not considered as Apostles in France?—And if such were the Apostles, whose direct aim was to throw man, if possible, out of sight of his Maker, what must be their disciples, and what the effects of the doctrines they have imbibed?

It is sufficiently evident that Mr. Paine is as bad a theologian as he is a philosopher or politician; for when he says, page 48, “The duty of man is not a wilderness of turnpike-gates through which he is to pass from one to the other,”—he gives, under a ridiculous metaphor, as ridiculous an argument; for every one who knows that he owes a duty to the Divine Being (and I should charitably hope that even Mr. Paine is not quite ignorant of it), knows very well that this duty comprehends a variety of particulars, and that it opens new obligations upon us almost every day of our lives. As we advance in the world, and as we engage in new relations, we enter upon fresh branches of duty. The scripture does, indeed, say in general terms, that we owe a duty to God and to our neighbour; but it does also, in various places, express many divisions in these duties. What is asserted in general does not exclude particulars, our progress through which is often compared to a journey; though Mr. Paine seems to be unacquainted with any such comparison, otherwise one should suppose he would have hardly ventured to use a metaphor in opposition to the scripture one.

In the same page he observes, that “Man did not enter into society to become *worse* than he was before, or to have less rights than he had before, but to have those rights better secured.” I maintain, what no one can deny, that we are individually born members of a society which was established long before we were thought of, conse-

quently all this rant about man's considerations previous to his entrance into society falls to the ground. What rights had I, or even Mr. Paine, who has a much nicer sense of the rights of man than I have, antecedent to our birth or conception? The society, however, protected us by its laws even in our embryo state, and when we were brought to light, adopted us into itself, reared us up to manhood, and protects us through all the remaining stages of existence. But as Mr. Paine, in common with many others of the same side the question with him, delights in tracing the origin of society in support of the darling notion of *equality*, let us see if we cannot also do something in the same way. When Adam and his wife were created (for I suppose myself addressing those who *believe* the Bible), society was confined to two persons, and then there was such a thing known as subordination, even without the formality of a contract between the parties. The next state of society presents us with four persons evidencing a natural authority in the person of Adam, and that which is so much ridiculed by Mr. Paine, the right of primogeniture in Cain. And the farther we proceed downwards, though the subject soon becomes too complicated for nice discrimination, the stronger evidences have we that distinctions in society are not adventitious but natural. Man was never out of society, consequently could make no agreement about entering into it. And when any man has, by accident, been thrown into a state of solitude, he has been uneasy till he has regained his place in society; and when he has done this, no idea ever entered his head of making any contract with it, but he has been glad to subject himself, without question, to laws which were ordained before he was born, and to many of which he may find objections.

When our author asserts, page 49, that “Society *grants* man nothing,” I cannot tell at which I am astonished most, the folly or the temerity of the position. The society of which I am a member was in existence before I was thought of, and possessed of powers to which I could not give my consent; but did it not extend those powers to my benefit and protection when I was incapable of benefiting and protecting myself; and has it not continued still to do so; and does it not secure my peace by promising to do the same for my posterity, supposing Providence should favour me with any? The Divine Being has ordained Society as one grand means

of conveying his blessings to man, and therefore the powers which Society has come from God alone, let dreaming theorists say what they please to the contrary. These malecontents, against the experience of mankind and the established order of things, may, by the plausibility of their doctrines and the zeal of their attempts, often make a commotion in society, and overturn for a while the regular system, by destroying authorities and powers; but notwithstanding all this, the political hemisphere will regain, at last, its former order, and the elements with the various parts re-occupy their distinct places. Nothing proves this better than history, from which we have clear proofs that the democratic governments have been always the shortest in their duration; and that, except in very small States, they have always exhibited the greatest confusions and anarchy. Society and Government, in order to be beneficial, must be permanently grounded, and not depend upon the prejudices and capriciousness of men. This is evidenced by a simple fact: if they were to depend for their existence upon the wills of the existing body of mankind, it is absolutely necessary that all of that body should be exactly of the same age and capacity, of the same mind and will. The contrary is the fact.—The existing world is made up of such a variety of persons, in respect to ages and dispositions, as to render strong and unalterable social laws for their constant government absolutely indispensable. If men were immortal and perfectly virtuous, then the advocates for what they call “the Rights of Man” would have good ground for asserting their notion of the equality of men, and the propriety of the consent of all to what concerns all.

Mr. Paine’s definition of *Civil Power* page 50, that “property, considered as such, is made up of the aggregate of that class of the natural rights of man which becomes defective in the individual in point of power, and answers not his purpose; but, collected to a focus, becomes competent to the purpose of every one;”—is in fact as good a confutation as the bulk of his work can receive: for, according to this doctrine, the defects of man, from which proceed his faults, are to be collected together, and so made a common stock for the purpose of producing a strong and overbearing power. Thus, though the pride and ambition of one person may be of little force, yet the pride and ambition of a multitude combined for the purpose of what they may blindly consider as their

common interest, may be productive of the most dreadful scenes. From such a view of their power, what a beautiful idea does this afford of that government which is made to issue from and to depend upon the will of a Mob?—If this be the *Civil Power* which is to be the effect of that combination which forms Mr. P.’s notion of a Society, then am I free to say, his notion is infinitely more dangerous to the interests of religion and of mankind, than the strongest arbitrary government that ever existed in the world. By the hitherto and, it is to be hoped, still commonly received notion of the rights of men and of societies, we are taught to believe, that the social laws, which form what we call civil power, existed before we came into existence; consequently, as collective bodies, we cannot violate them without infringing first principles, and striking at an *authority* instituted by the Creator of the World, who has diffused the social principle among men to act similar to the vital principle in the individual, which though we all feel, yet how or why we do so are unknown.

Our author’s assertion in the same page, that “the power produced from the aggregate of natural rights, imperfect in power in the individual, cannot be applied to invade the natural rights which are retained in the individual, and in which the power to execute is as perfect as the right itself,”—is, perhaps, even worse than the former, though more plausible; for, according to this, whence comes the *right* of correction in the Society? Is it reasonable to think that any man yields his *consent* to his own coercion and capital punishment? Where then shall we find barriers against the commission of the most flagrant crimes, upon the admission of this doctrine?—All barriers become more feeble than cobwebs, when opposed by the all-powerful might of the *natural rights of man*. “Who shall punish me?” says the offender: “Am I not a brother? Have I not a mental freedom? and, is not my *right*, individually as well as *socially*, equal to yours?”—And supposing I have forfeited the latter *right*, who is to prove that I have done so? Are they not persons interested against me, and who may possibly be deceived? And who shall condemn me, without the consent of every individual in the society, being previously had? Besides, if it should be really so, I renounce your society, and will seek another; how then dare you punish me without violating the *rights of man*?” Who could confute such a person? Who could vindicate his punishment?—Mr. Paine could not!

Mr. Paine's manner of accounting for the origin of *all* governments is so dogmatical, so inconsistent, and betrays such an ignorance of human nature and the history of mankind, that it is almost trifling to take the least notice of him. He talks of man as of a perfect and divine being, without faults and without failings; consequently condemns *all* governments that have yet been, because they were not perfect, and then lays down a plan which, if carried into effect, must certainly produce a golden age. All former and all existing governments suppose the governed to be imperfect beings, with more of vice than virtue in their compositions; and therefore the power of restraint is more predominant than any other power. This, however appears to be quite out of course. Men have been hitherto totally wrong in their notions, and blind to their interests; but now, it is to be supposed, a new epoch will be dated in the history of the world, and the absurd notion of a corruption in human nature is to be exploded for ever, and every man be enabled to *do as seemeth him good in his own eyes!* The true origin of government, i. e. a true government, according to the new hypothesis, is, "that the individuals themselves, each in his own personal and sovereign right, entered into a compact with each other to produce a government; and this is the only mode in which governments have a right to arise, and the only principle on which they have a right to exist."—If this is the truth and nothing but the truth, it is sufficiently clear, that the world of mankind has been rambling in the dark near 6000 years; for let Mr. Paine, or any other person better versed in history than he is, produce the evidence of one such government having ever existed; let him go farther, and tell us how it is possible for such a government to be instituted, and how it can exist in the present state of things; how shall we get the consent of each individual to the establishment of such an institution? Some are just setting out of the world, consequently they must not vote in a cause in which they will soon be unconcerned; others are but just entered into life, and therefore they cannot vote: how then are we to form this great compact by individual consent?—Here is a rub for Mr. Paine to get over as well as he can.

What Mr. Paine has ridiculously asserted, of our want of a political constitution in this country, betrays his ignorance and

his inscience in the most conspicuous point of view. He charges Mr. Burke with being ignorant of what a constitution is, and yet he himself shews his ignorance by making a constitution and a government two separate things. The sense of mankind has always determined, that by a Constitution is meant the form of a particular Government, comprising also its essence and organization. It is that in society which is meant by the word in a physical sense as applied to the individual. A man is dead if he has no Constitution, and a society does not exist if it has no Constitution, i. e. no Government. So long as a man breathes and a Government exists, there is a Constitution: whether that be good or bad is here out of the question, the thing itself is yet in existence.—But if what Mr. P. says be true, then we ask, Where will be the French Constitution, where will be that of America twenty years hence, when a set of men will be in those countries who had no hand in the formation of the present Constitutions? If National Governments or Constitutions are to die with the formers of them, then it is absolutely necessary that all those formers should die exactly at the same point of time; otherwise, with every death the Constitution will be weakened, and at every birth an opponent rises against it.—Let not Mr. Paine be so arrogant; he is got upon ground that is not very tenable, neither will he find it easy to get thinking men into a belief of his absurdities, whatever success he may have among the superficial and discontented part of mankind. As he is so fond of putting this query to us as Englishmen, let us put a few to him by the same rule, that he who first throws gravel in the face of another, has no right to complain if the compliment is returned in his own fourfold. If we have no political Constitution, what country ever had?—What country upon the globe now has? How is it to be instituted?—And how will you render it permanent upon your own principles, after it is instituted?

It would have been easy for me to have increased my remarks; but an exposure of the principal absurdities in this celebrated tract is equivalent to the refutation of *all*. Where an author's premises are so ridiculous and monstrous, the consequences deduced from them cannot be of a very pleasant nor beautiful nature.

J. W.

COPY of a LETTER from Mr. BURKE to the ARCHBISHOP of AIX,  
with the ARCHBISHOP's ANSWER.

SIR,

London, July 15, 1791.

IT is with great satisfaction to me, that the generous victims of injustice and tyranny accept in good part the homage which I have offered to their virtues. It is a distinction which I would not have had occasion to merit from the clergy of France in the time of their credit and splendor. Your Church, the intelligence of which was the ornament of the Christian World in its prosperity, is now more brilliant, in the moment of its misfortunes, to the eyes who are capable of judging of it. Never did so great a number of men display a constancy so inflexible, a disinterestedness so manifest, an humility so magnanimous—so much dignity in their patience, and so much elevation in their sentiment of honour. Ages have not furnished so many noble examples as France has produced in the space of two years. It is odious to search in antiquity for the merit we admire, and to be insensible to that which passes under our eyes. France is in a deplorable situation, both in its political and moral state; but it seems to be in the order of the general oeconomy of the world, that when the greatest and most detestable vices domineer, the most eminent and distinguished virtues raise their heads more proudly. Such is not the time for mediocrity.

We may have some diversity in our opinions, but we have no difference in principles. There is but one kind of honour and virtue in the world. It consists in sacrificing every other consideration to the sentiments of our duty, of right, and of piety. It is this which the clergy of France have done. I will not examine scrupulously, by what motives men like you have thought it your duty to support all that you have done. All that I see, I am forced to admire. The rest is out of my reach—out, perhaps, of the reach of those who are better instructed than me. One thing I see distinctly, because the Bishops of France have proved it by their example; and that is, that they have made known to all the orders and all the classes of citizens, the advantages which even religion can derive from the alliance of its own proper dignity with the character which illustrious birth and the sentiment of honour gives to man.

It is with good reason that in France the Noblesse should be proud of the Clergy, and the Clergy of the Noblesse, although these two classes be for the present condemned to passive courage, which gives

so much glory to the one and the other.

I shall present to the Bishop of St. Paul de Leon your fine and affecting address—perhaps he has already received it. I am sure that he will remain fixed. If I may judge from the little I have seen of him, he is a most estimable and a most amiable man. He has been received here by our high Clergy, and by many others, not certainly in the manner due to his rank and merit, but with a respect for the one and the other, with which, from his natural goodness, he seems to be satisfied.

I do not know if it is to the complaisance of your Lordship, that I owe the *chef d'œuvres* of ingenuity, intelligence, and superior eloquence, varied as the occasions require, in the different discourses and letters which I from time to time receive. They are the works of a great Statesman—of a great Prelate—and of a man versed in the science of Administration. We cannot be astonished that the State, the Clergy, the Finances, and the Trade of the kingdom, should be ruined, when the author of these works, instead of having an important share in the Councils of his country, is persecuted and undone. The proscription of such men, is enough to cover a whole people with eternal reproach. Those who persecute them have, by this one act, done more injury to their country in depriving it of their services, than a million of men of their own standard can ever repair, even when they shall be disposed to build upon the ruins they have made.

Maintain, Sir, the courage which you have hitherto shewn; and be persuaded, that though the world is not worthy of you and your colleagues, we are not all insensible of the honour which you do to our common nature.

I have the honour to be very truly, &c.

EDMUND BURKE.

ANSWER  
OF THE  
ARCHBISHOP OF AIX  
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
EDMUND BURKE.

SIR,

August 7.

YOU have been pleased to address to me an opinion that does me honour, and I cannot conceal the impression that the suffrage of the man the most celebrated for talents, virtues, and success, has made on my heart. Give me leave, above all, to acknowledge, with an interest infinitely superior

superior to all personal consideration, the eulogy which you have made on the respectable order of which I have the honour to partake the misfortunes. The first Orator of England has become the defender of the Clergy of France. Your's is the voice that has so long directed and balanced the opinion of a nation, of which France ought rather to be the rival by its progress in intelligence, than by its political interests. Oh, that the dark clouds which overhang my country may not forever obscure the rays of light which the sciences, letters, and the arts bestow! We are in a time of trouble—we attend only to the noise of our discussions—we read only the productions of party—and how many wise men and enlightened citizens remain in silence! We can no longer judge for ourselves, and a foreign observer only can decide for us what ought to be the judgment of posterity.

When my colleagues, in addressing themselves to you, chose me for their organ, I was penetrated with their sentiments, and with those of the Ministers of all ranks, whom nothing can separate from their consciences. I spoke for them with the feeling which they gave me; and the noble thoughts, the touching expressions, I can boldly say, were only the daily impressions which the knowledge of their virtues inspire. It is wanting to their glory that you should see them, as I have seen them, simple in their conduct, tranquil in their adversity, and content with having fulfilled their duty. The Church of France is the stranded bark which the waters have left after the tempest, and every one of us in the shipwreck contemplates with astonishment those new heavens, and this new earth, which were unknown before.

By what destiny must it be, that after having supported all my life those maxims of Christian charity, of which the first ages of the Church gave us both lessons and examples, I see myself the victim of intolerance and persecution! It is in the eighteenth century—it is in a nation that boasts of its philosophy—it is even in the moment that they announce the Revolution of Liberty, that they persecute those who practise what they believe in religion, and who wish to preserve the worship of their fathers! We read in the Constitution, that “No one ought to be disturbed for his religious opinions”—We read in the Laws concerning religion—oaths, deprivations, infamous penalties, and exile; and it is on the overthrow of their new Constitution that they found the Civil Con-

stitution of the Clergy. What has become of all those natural laws which were to serve for the basis of all their laws? We are the men whom they wish to accuse with prejudices, who plead this day the Rights of Liberty.

The cause, Sir, that we have defended, is the noble, just, and holy cause of liberty, humanity, and religion. The Clergy of France have demonstrated what it was—persuasion without fanaticism—courage without excess—and resistance without trouble, and without insurrection.—We have suffered all kinds of loss—we have endured all sorts of rigour, and we remain tranquil and firm, because nothing is so unconquerable as the probity which supports itself on religion. Behold that of which they cannot judge in the world! They conceive that honour is the only sentiment which influences men of all conditions to the accomplishment of the most sacred duties. God forbid that I should weaken this noble instinct, which comes to the aid of reason, which rallies the warrior in the day of combat, and which can animate to the love of the public weal when it does not mislead us in the pursuit!—But you have better defined this simple and true sentiment, “which consists in the habitual impression of our duty, of right, and of piety.” This sentiment ought to be in general that of good citizens, and there are no morals in a country where it is not acted upon. If they wish to destroy religion in France, it will be the first example of an Empire without religion; and no one has proved, Sir, with more eloquence than yourself, how much it imports to attach the principles of human society to something too high for man to outrage or destroy. They must consecrate by religion respect for the laws; for what must the laws be, which an entire people obey only through constraint, and not by inclination? They will soon perceive that the force to which they yield, is only the force which they give. This force will weaken of itself by general corruption, and the State is no more.

You have reason, Sir, to encourage us in the laborious career to which we are doomed. It is the writings of such men as you, which maintain in all nations a wholesome morality. We cannot help believing that our fellow-citizens will, sooner or later, do us the justice which we receive from foreigners; and that we shall revive, in more peaceable times, the principles of religion and humanity.

I do not speak to you, Sir, of those other writings, in which I am desirous of shewing

shewing how useful would be the lights of a long and peaceable administration. It does not belong to me to judge of the use which may be made of them, and it must not astonish us, that men are ungrateful for truths which come from us who have no passion for Revolutions.

Accept, Sir, the testimonies of the veneration and attachment which well-intentioned men ought to feel for the enlightened and virtuous of all countries.

I cannot tell you how sensible we have been to the attention which the Clergy of England have shewn towards one of our most virtuous and respectable colleagues. You are equally just to his character in society, as to his principles and courage; and such are the regrets of his diocese, that they consider his absence as a public calamity.

I have the honour to be,  
 &c. &c. &c.

Dr. PRIESTLEY's ANSWER to the LETTER from the COMMITTEE of the REVOLUTION SOCIETY \*.

DEAR SIR, *Tottenham, Aug. 22.*  
 I BEG you would make my acknowledgements in the most respectful manner to the Committee of the Revolution Society, for their very grateful address to me.

Our principles are entirely the same; and, notwithstanding all opposition, must prevail in this as well as in other coun-

tries.—Violence is temporary, but truth is eternal.

I am, dear Sir,  
 Your's sincerely,

J. PRIESTLEY.

*To the Chairman of the  
 Committee of the Re-  
 volution Society.*

LETTER from Dr. PRIESTLEY to M. CONDORCET, PERPETUAL SECRETARY to the FRENCH ACADEMY of SCIENCES at PARIS.

SIR,  
 I AM more than consoled for my losses, in finding that the Members of the Academy of Sciences have done me the honour to interest themselves in my affairs, and especially in observing that the friends of philosophy are, what they ever ought to be, the friends of general liberty. With us there is an example of the enemies of the one being also the enemies of the other. Having always been an avowed advocate of public liberty, civil and religious, which led me to write in defence of your late glorious Revolution, the great body of the Clergy in this country, and many of those who call themselves the Friends of the King, have long been my enemies; and in accomplishing my ruin, they have not spared the instruments of that *Science*, my application to which gave some degree of weight to my labours in another field.

But do not, Sir, suppose that *these* friends of the Church and of the King are the English nation. They are no more than a faction, whom a failure in the way of argument has rendered desperate. The sober part of the nation think more justly, and equally disapprove their maxims, and the methods they take to enforce them. The English nation in general respect the French; and, though too many of them

are at present under a temporary delusion, will vie with you in every thing truly liberal, in whatever can contribute to the honour and happiness of the country at home, and to its living in peace and good-will with all its neighbours, and especially with yourselves, whose exertions in favour of universal liberty, and universal peace, will for ever endear you to us.

Assure my brethren of the Academy, that, honoured by their choice of me for an associate, and by their generous sympathy on the present occasion, I shall not fail, while my life and my faculties are continued to me, to resume my philosophical pursuits, and endeavour to shew our common enemies, that a genuine love of science, and of liberty, is inextinguishable; except with life, and that unreasonable and wicked opposition tends to animate, rather than depress, the mind that is penetrated with it.

In perfect confidence that whatever is *true and right* will finally prevail, and that every mode of opposition will only contribute to their more complete establishment, I subscribe myself with respect,

Sir,

Their and your very humble servant,  
 J. PRIESTLEY.

\* For which see p. 87.

OBSERVATIONS, NATURAL, ŒCONOMICAL, and LITERARY, made  
in a TOUR from LONDON to the LAKES, in the Summer of 1791.

(Continued from Page 141.)

# L E T T E R V.

DEAR SIR,

FROM Warrington we proceeded up the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, sailing over roads and rivers, till we arrived at Wortley, where it enters the earth. In a long narrow boat we are pushed up this subterraneous passage (just wide enough for the boat) above a mile, when we arrive at the place where the colliers are working. Several other passages lead from this principal one into different parts of the mountain, and recesses cut in the rock suffer one boat to pass another. In this singular voyage it is almost impossible to believe one's self in motion—the rocky passage, arched with brick, seems to be flying from you, and makes the head dizzy; and in returning, the distant entrance looks like a bright star. After passing an hour in darkness (only broken by a small taper), the light becomes too brilliant for the eye—every object shines with uncommon splendour, till we repass Barton Bridge, where vessels navigating the Irwell pass under those navigating the canal. This is truly a singular sight! an idea of which might be conceived from supposing a number of sloops sailing along the road part of Westminster-bridge, while others were sailing under it. Manchester now appears—and the prospects change with every turn of the canal. The social boat has its compartments like the treck-schoots of Holland, where the price is according to the accommodation, and may be open, or under cover, as the passenger pleases.

The use of this canal is twofold. Being on a level with the bed of coal, they are dug and conveyed at so easy an expence, as to be profitable to the owner, and cheap to the consumer—this is one object. The other is, the conveyance of goods and passengers between the popular towns of Manchester and Liverpool. The weirs to carry off superfluous water—the gates by which parts of the canal may be emptied without affecting the rest—the puddled banks, impervious to water—the cranes and other mechanical devices about this useful and ingenious work, reflect the highest lustre on the abilities of Brindley, as well as the Duke, who is well known to have been the contriver of

many devices in this noble work that are attributed to Brindley.

Manchester is a well-built town—doubled in its size the last 30 years—more than doubled in the number of its inhabitants—and enriched by the cotton manufactory beyond the powers of calculation!—To such perfection has the spinning of cotton by machinery arrived, that I had this incredible circumstance assured to me from one of the first manufacturers in that line, viz. that one pound of raw cotton had (for a wager) been spun into 356 hanks, each hank containing 340 yards; so that the thread produced from this pound of cotton would have reached  $169\frac{1}{2}$  miles! This is much finer than any thread produced in India; and of course, if the cotton of the West was equal to that of the East Indies, our muslins would exceed those of Indostan. We make out by ingenuity, however, what we want in fineness of material; for the fancy displayed in our printed cottons is unrivalled, and has (with cheapness) established the manufacture beyond that of silk, wool, flax, &c. To enumerate the cotton fabrics under the denomination of velvets, fustians, checks, printed cottons, muslins, &c. would be to count the sands of the sea; and though so much of the business is performed by water machinery, there is still business enough for all ages and numbers, from four years old to fourscore.

To see barren hills and vallies laugh and sing under the influence of an auspicious trade, must give the benevolent heart the most agreeable sensations. Villages swarming with strong, healthy, and beautiful children, well fed, though they may at this time of the year despise shoes and stockings, is another instance; for these may be considered as the offspring of trade—handsome country houses on every hill, elegantly furnished, and surrounded by as elegant pleasure grounds—and a great part of the old town pulled down to make room for spacious and ornamental mansions—these are thy blessings, O Commerce!—These are thy rewards, O Industry!

The collegiate church of Manchester, a large Gothic pile, is a striking feature in the view of the town, and stands on a bold eminence. The ancient monastery is converted

verted into an excellent free-school—an hospital where 60 boys are educated and maintained—and a library almost equal to the Bodleian, in number of books, rare MSS. and with a fund for adding every thing excellent to it in modern literature. These books are lent out to the inhabitants. The Infirmary, the Exchange, the Theatre, Music-rooms, and the New Jail with solitary cells, are all worthy the inspection of a traveller. Scarce any vestiges remain of the Roman station called Mancunia; it is situated at one termination of the town, and of the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal.

I am, &c.

#### LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR, *Lancaster, 28th July.*

FROM Manchester to Wigan, we pass through a rich and populous country—the foliage of the hedges and trees, however, not equal to that of the south, all leaning from the west by the spray of the sea.

Wigan is not much increased in building these last thirty years. Its corporation feuds have moderated into peace, but the electors doubtless have discovered that beating out of brains did not contribute to the honesty or worth of the elected. That excellent coal called *Cannel* is got under the town and in its neighbourhood in great abundance. Besides making the most brilliant fire, this coal is capable of being turned into snuff-boxes and many other useful and ornamental toys. Many families have a cannel-pit in the courtyard: and when they are in want of coals they send down a collier, who will dig as many in a few hours as will serve the family many months: the pit is then shut up.

The small river called the Douglas has been many years turned into a canal, and now joins that intended to make a water-communication between Liverpool and Hull. This makes Liverpool a coal-port. The two ends of this canal are only finished, viz. that on the Yorkshire side, from Leeds to Skipton; and on the Lancashire side, from Liverpool to the neighbourhood of Preston. The mountains that intervene will be difficult to pass, though the matter is now in serious contemplation; and what cannot be achieved by the public spirit of this part of the country? A branch of this canal is also intended from Preston to Lancaster, and from thence to Kendal.

Wigan has produced many excellent self-taught mechanics. Dick Melling simplified the steam engine; gave a wind-mill an equable motion, and the means of turn-

ing itself to the wind. His bucket engine drained a valuable Cannel-mine for many years at a small expence; and many other contrivances of his challenge equal merit in simplicity and effect.

Mr. Barker of this place was for many years the only maker of steel cross-bows, and also of the best fowling-pieces in the kingdom. Indeed, the machinery necessary in such extensive coal-works has called forth the genius and invention of many more mechanics, that do honour to human abilities.

The road through Chorley to Preston contains nothing very interesting: Rivington Pike is a good object, on the right; a smooth and lofty mountain, with a summer-house on its summit.

Preston stands on a sweet eminence above the Ribble, and its approach through the village of Walton is very beautiful. Sir Harry Houghton's, near this village, though in a low situation, is an handsome seat, and the Belvedere above it is a fine object. Houghton Tower (the original seat of the Houghtons) frowns on a distant mountain;—it seems the guardian of the valley below. This vale contained the cotton and other works of Livesey and Co. whose failure a few years ago made such an eruption in the world of trade.

Up the hill, where General Wills attacked the rebels in 1715, we enter Preston, the most beautiful town in the north of England.—From the number of genteel families with which this town formerly abounded, it got the epithet *proud*. Trade and manufactures have made a revolution in this matter, as aristocratic ideas do not assimilate well with the clacking of looms, or the hum of spinning-wheels. Instead of cards, therefore, for killing time, cards are used by which thousands may live. Every twenty-one years a Jubilee or Guild takes place here, which assembles all the families of the county. It consists of processions, balls, assemblies, concerts, plays, &c. The ladies procession includes the very essence of beauty, as this county produces the finest complexions in the world:—it lasts twelve days, in a continued round of festivity, if those vermin called *adventurers* and *blacklegs* (those pests of public meetings) did not tarnish the solemnity.

The beautiful walk of Evenham on a high bank above the Ribble, forms part of the elegant environs of this town, as do the woods of Tulketh, Penwortham, &c.

The road to Lancaster has the flat called the Fild on the left, and ill-shaped mountains on the right. The road is excellent,

F f

and

the approach to the town the most striking of any in the kingdom. The castle and the church on a fine hill, uniting as it were in one immense and finely broken building, breaks upon the eye all at once, at the most fortunate distance. But as I shall appropriate another letter to the description of this place, I shall conclude this with assuring you how much I am

Your humble servant, &c.

#### LETTER VII.

DEAR SIR, *Lancaster, July 29.*

IN my last I endeavoured to give you some idea of the striking appearance of this ancient borough, when seen about a mile off, on the London road. The huge square tower of the castle is picturesquely broken by the intervention of smaller ones; the fine tower of the church also seems part of the assemblage, and both these being on the summit of an high hill, with the town falling in an easy slope down the sides of it, makes a group, that impresses the idea of a more stately town than we find it. Every thing, however, both without and within doors, is neat and clean to a proverb. Not that it is so because there is nothing to dirty it—considerable buttle is occasioned by an extensive West-India trade, which employs fifty sail of ships, many of 300 tons burthen, which can float close to the side of the town. An extensive wet dock near the mouth of the Lune will admit ships of the largest burthen.

The imports here are principally rum and cotton; and the exports, provisions and mahogany furniture; in the taste and elegance of the latter they are scarcely equalled in the capital. Ship-building also employs a great number of hands—and stouter ships are said to be built here than in any other port in the kingdom. Cotton-mills, cotton-weaving, bleaching and stamping, also employ many in the town and neighbourhood; as well as spinning and weaving sail cloth.—Hence much of the rough stone buildings have made room for elegant houses of beautiful hewn stone: beautiful I say, because it is variegated with streaks of ferruginous earth, so as to represent landscapes, foliage, &c. that give the houses a very singular appearance. Of this stone was lately built an handsome town-hall; under which and its massy portico the market-people find good shelter: the strength of the pillars of this portico may perhaps be excused, from their having a large temple-like turret to support, besides the usual pediment. This

idea in architecture is new to me, and it has a good effect.

The new bridge does great honour to the architect, and to the munificence of the county. It consists of five large and equal arches, over which the road is a straight line, so the ascent is at each end only: the arches are a flat oval; hence it has much the appearance of the light cycloidal bridge over the Arno in Florence. The pressure on the buttress of the arches is judiciously taken off (or rather brought to balance the rest) by large perforations over each pier, like those in the broken bridge of the Via Sacra at Rome.—These perforations have their entrance decorated with a pediment supported by two Doric pillars;—and the balustrade is of turned stone. In short, I think this the most beautiful bridge, for its size, of any in England.

The old church is a large Gothic structure, which, with its steeple, and the castle, makes a useful sea-mark.

The castle is now the county prison, and large additions are making to it, consisting of solitary cells that may accommodate above an hundred prisoners. This useful regulation (now growing so universal), it is to be hoped, may be the means of preventing crimes: for it is certainly more consistent with the wisdom and humanity of a state to prevent rather than punish crimes. But, indeed, it is a satire upon either our laws or the morality of our times, that such novel regulations are necessary. These additions will break the huge masses of the old castle into a more elegant appearance, when finished.

The gate-way of this ancient structure consists of two octagonal towers of vast size, which the gate itself and the curtain over it unites, with the usual opening for a portcullis. These two towers have their top-projecting turrets in perfect preservation, by which the besieged, in former times, could annoy an enemy (endeavouring to break through the wall) with great stones, scalding-water, &c. and be perfectly secure themselves.

The towers of the castle (about a bow-shot distance from each other) with the curtains that go between each, inclose about two acres of space. In this is included the vast square tower which contains the shire-hall, &c. and on the top of which, in a corner turret, is a square recess called John of Gaunt's chair. From this alarming height the prospect is diversified beyond description! The great bay or inlet called Lancaster Sands seems spread out before us like an immense lake, setting the Alpine mountains north of it at a pro-

per distance for exciting wonder in those who have been used to a flat country. Blackcomb rises from the sea, on the left, with round majesty; and the flat well-cultivated peninsula of Furness makes a good foreground to it. Further to the left appears Peele castle, sticking out of the sea like a man's nose. Turning to the right, Cunnistone Fells, Langdale Pikes, Hill-bell, &c. indent the horizon with grand and broken masses, very like the Tyrolean Alps, as seen over Lake Constance. More to the right, the Panorama softens into cultivated hills and vallies, here and there overlooked by frowning eminences, such as Ingleborough, Farleton Knott, &c. From these the country inclines downwards to the dead flat called the Fild, which makes a curious contrast with the bay, one being an expanse of water, the other of wood, farther than the eye can see. Bending the eye still more downward, the town is seen beneath our feet more like the map of a town than the town itself. The winding river and the two bridges diversify this view.

From this giddy height we descend to examine the antiquity, and progressive increase of this huge pile of building. It is almost unnecessary to say, that the names of places which end with *caster* or *cester* were originally Roman towns or stations. They were generally situated on eminences; and if those eminences were surrounded nearly by a river, so much the better. This is precisely the case here, the Lune or Lon (for so it was anciently called, and the country people call the town Lancaster to this day) winds round the hill on which the castle and church stand, and on which was the station; the remains of which are yet visible in a double vallum that winds round the hill; and a round tower (now incorporated in the castle, and called the Dungeon Tower) is said to be a part of it, and built by Adrian about the year of Christ 124. This tower had the square one called the Shire-hall added to it about the year 305. Constantine (father of Constantine the Great) built another tower facing the town, called the Well-tower, from a well under it. After the Norman conquest, the castle was considerably enlarged by John Earl of Morton and Lancaster, who contributed much to its grandeur, by erecting the tower called the Gatehouse, very like to, and almost as large as the late Bastile. When the earl became King, he gave audience to the French ambassador in this very tower; and here also received homage from Alexander King of Scotland, whom he subdued. There were

several royal Earls and Dukes of Lancaster before John of Gaunt, who about 1362 married the heiress of Duke Henry Plantagenet; and Henry of Bolingbroke his son (Henry IV.) united the Lancashire and Yorkshire estates, which were so large and so many, that he was the greatest subject in Europe, as Duke of Lancaster; inasmuch that the Chancellorship of this Duchy is among the best things the King of England has in his gift at this day.

## LETTER VIII.

DEAR SIR, *Lancaster, July 30.*

A DIGRESSION from Lancaster up the vale of Lune to Kirkby-Lonsdale, is one of the most beautiful rides in this country. Hanging woods wind in such convolutions as if to prevent this rapid river getting to the sea; and in many places does it seem to hesitate, and pause in fine sheets. Art also lays obstacles in its way by dams for cotton-mills, corn-mills, forges, &c. It suffers not these interruptions peaceably, but roars in perpetual complaint (never out of hearing) up the whole vale.

Caton lies in the opening of this vale, a straggling hamlet of good houses, and swarming with children, many of whom are sent from the workhouses of London to the cotton mills of this and other places, and where they can at a very early period of life maintain themselves.

The valley consists principally of grass farms, which is certainly a wise conformity to the climate and country: for crops of corn must be very uncertain where so much rain falls, and where the winter sets in so early. Here is, however, some tolerably-looking wheat, and the oats and barley are luxuriant.—Notwithstanding this, I cannot say but I am almost sorry to see in the north of Lancashire and Westmoreland, lands made arable by great industry, which nature designed only for the breeding of cattle, sheep, &c.—Before the wonderful success of Mr. Bakewell in breeding cattle, this valley (at Borough-hall, the seat of Mr. Fenwick) produced the largest and most beautiful breed of horned cattle of any in England; and no wonder, for the pastures are the richest I ever beheld:—there is a silkiness in the grass, and a botanical variety in its species, surpassing the fine herbage in the plains of Lombardy, that produce the Parmesan cheese.

But before we reach this rich part of Lonsdale, we are struck with Hornby Castle, on a fine hill in the middle of the valley.

valley. This, like all the ancient seats in the north of England, had defence as well as convenience to be consulted in its construction—accordingly an high, strong, and square tower makes a part of every old house. On one corner of that which gives grandeur to the look of Hornby Castle, is placed an octogonal turret, from the windows of which an extensive and variegated prospect opens on three sides. This castle was built and possessed by the Stanleys, as well as the church below, indicated by inscriptions on both. The castle is modernized by the addition of a tolerable house, built or enlarged by the notorious Chartres of lascivious memory, who made this retreat (when the dupes of his usury left town) the scene of his debaucheries.

This castle, the octogonal steeple of the church, a house with a front of Corinthian pilasters (very like the *Maison Quarrée* at

Nismes), together with the hanging woods near them, have afforded a fine subject to an ingenious landscape-painter. There is the frustum of a pyramidal stone in the church-yard about seven or eight feet high, with Saxon arches engraven upon it, that looks antique: when whole it must have been near 20 feet high, and proportionably thick, and probably of one stone; but tradition is silent, and no inscription remains upon it.

Kirkby-Lonsdale (like the Celtic names in Scotland and Wales) has its name indicative of its situation, *i. e.* a church on the side of Lune's Dale. It is a pretty town, and inhabited by genteel people. It stands on a bank or eminence above the Lune, and from its church-yard is a pleasing view of Ingleborough, Lonsdale, &c.

[ *To be Continued.* ]

## P O E T R Y.

### S O N N E T.

**A**MONG wild thorns oft many a violet grows,  
And spreads a fragrance on the ambient air,  
Sweet as the jessamine or blooming rose,  
That proudly boasts the partial hand of care.  
So Genius oft, by poverty deprest,  
In sorrow wanders thro' life's luckless day,  
No kindred soul to sooth his anxious breast,  
No friend to chase the silent tear away.  
Impell'd by pity, from the venal croud  
I'd bear the youth where fortune ne'er should frown,  
Where Hope, mild beaming thro' the melting cloud,  
Should spread a sunshine equal to my own.  
But oh! condemn'd in penury to pine,  
That sweet sensation never must be mine.

E. GILL.

### SONNET TO THE LARK.

**S**WEET bird, that on air's bosom glides serene,  
Soon as the morn emits her roseate ray,  
Thou giv'st the Sovereign Good thy matin lay,  
And wak'st the sons of toil to hail the scene,  
Who light of heart trip o'er the spangled green,  
Where Flora's sportive hand bestrews the way,  
And scents the gale whose balmy wings convey  
The goddess Health, dispensing bliss unseen.

I love to hear thy gay enlivening strain  
Far more than Philomela's plaintive note,  
When thro' the night's still air her murmurs float  
In softest melody, deriv'd from pain;  
But thy sweet song doth only joy contain,  
For gratitude distends thy tuneful throat.

W. WALKER.

### A S O N N E T,

IN THE MANNER OF MILTON,

On seeing some Landscapes of Needle-Work by Miss M. WATTS.  
**M**INERVA's pupil! will Maria deign  
To smile, indulgent, on a poet's lay,  
Who dares her matchless merit thus display  
In artless verse; nor tries base Flattery's strain  
To win her classic ear? He knows how vain,  
Tho' favouring Phœbus lent his brightest ray,  
From truth's plain path insidious should he stray,  
To hope th' approbance of her taste to gain.  
'Tis her's with more than mimic painting's art  
In magic chains our raptur'd souls to bind,  
While nature's beauties from her needle start.  
The fair creation of her cultur'd mind!  
Such warmth! such softness! on her canvass glow,  
As Poussin's tints or Lorrain's ne'er could show.

Hackney, Aug. 12, 1791,

W. T.  
SONNET.

# SONNET, TO HUMAN LIFE,

AS COMPARED WITH THE MOON.

O LIFE! how like the planet of the sky,  
Still varying as the passing moments fly!

HOPE the increase, destroying CARE the  
wane:

Say, wilt thy change recall each happy hour,  
The faded joys of my fond youth restore,

Or give me back my wonted peace again?

Ah no!—returning moons shall roll in  
vain,

Their lustre fade, her orb resume its ray;

But no returning light shall e'er display

Its cheering beam to glad my forrowing  
heart; [lost,

So deep the night, that (friends and fortune  
Sweet JULIA gone! my last and dearest

hoast) [athwart,

Now throws its dreary gloom my path  
And tells me—I and Mis'ry ne'er on earth

must part. EDLYNE.

# A SONNET TO THE OCEAN.

ERE the rich purple of thy growing Wave,  
Which deviates gently into doubtful green,

Where the fierce day-beams rush, and love  
to lave, [scene;—

Whilst liquid diamonds flit athwart the

Ere the soft Gale which plays upon thy breast,  
And springs on humid wing towards the

shore,

Off'ring to each Hygiea's magic vest,

And adding Skill to HEALTH's encreasing  
store;—

Ere thy gay STEINE, where flutt'ring Graces  
rove, [know,

And which the MUSES sometimes deign to  
Where wanders Harmony, where trembles

Love, [ments flow—

And where thy GEORGE's happiest mo-

Ere these I quit, accept this meed from me,  
So charm'd, O SEA! so gratified by THEE!

Sept. 9, 1791. KATHERINE.

# L I N E S

Written in the GROTTO of MRS. HINTON'S  
GARDEN, at HAYES, near UXBRIDGE,  
on seeing her YOUNG LADIES walking  
and forming themselves into little parties.  
By a GENTLEMAN who had lately lost an  
amiable DAUGHTER.

SWEET innocents play on!—Indulge within  
This little paradise your budding friend-  
ships:

Deny not your prone hearts the gen'rous call  
Of young attachment—Life's smooth cordial meed.

Ah! such was once my lov'd Janetta,

Accomplish'd gay, and innocent, like you.—

Her heart, like yours, spoke through her  
vivid eyes!

Her fingers could express the music of  
Her soul!—Yet, let me not damp with the  
dirge

Of Death your happy hours: but rather let  
The Muse survey your fleeting forms, as if  
Elysium was the scene, and you its pure  
Inhabitants.—Rapt thus, in Vision's eye,  
I see my child the partner of your joys,  
Sharing your converse in eternal youth.

A. W.

# E P I T A P H,

On a plain neat Marble, the East-End of  
Twickenham Church, erected Sept. 13,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

Mrs. CATHERINE CLIVE,

Who died December 7, 1785.

AGED 75 YEARS.

CLIVE's blameless life this tablet shall  
proclaim,

Her moral virtues and her well-earn'd fame.

In comic scenes the Stage she early trod,

“Nor fought the Critic's praise, nor fear'd  
his rod.”

In real life was equal praise her due—

Open to pity, and to friendship too;

In wit still pleasing, as in converse free

From aught that could afflict humanity:

Her gen'rous heart to all her friends was  
known, [own.

And e'en the stranger's sorrows were her

Content with fame, ev'n affluence she wav'd,

To share with others what by toil she sav'd;

And, nobly bounteous, from her slender store

She bade two dear relations not be poor!

Such deeds on life's short scenes true glory  
shed,

And Heav'nly plaudits hail the virtuous dead.

# L I N E S

ON THE

DEATH OF COLONEL MOORHOUSE.

By Mr. LINLEY,

BROTHER TO MRS. SHERIDAN.

IF held by Fate, if awful—from the cause—

The battle ceases, and the trumpets pause!

If sunk by grief the drooping Warrior stands,

And grasps the falchion with reluctant hands,

Blame not, O God of Arms! the mute delay;

Nor less resurgent shine the rising day,

Unless the tear which Glory deigns to shed

Dims the bright orb, and mourns her FA-

VORITE, dead.

For thee, O MOORHOUSE! Elegy shall  
give

Her richest strains to bid thy memory live.

Yet ere thro' nobler thoughts thy merits  
shine,

Let the mock prelude to thy fame be MINE;

Be mine the task—though my aspiring lays

Breathe but the wish to justify thy praise,

And

And oh ! too lately and too dearly known,  
What can thy loss, thy GENERAL loss, atone ?

To drain the source of ineffectual tears,  
And damp with ceaseless sighs succeeding  
years ;

T' exhaust the chaste effusions of the lyre,  
And hopeless emulate its sacred fire ;  
These humble tributes suit but ill thy claim,  
Nor to its own deserts exalt thy name ;  
Yet shall no charm our thoughts of thee re-  
tard,

Deep in our minds hath memory fix'd regard ;  
Beyond the tuneful lyre or poet's art  
Lives the poor record of the feeling heart ;  
And sure it aught below thy cares can  
move,

'Tis the enduring sigh of faithful love !  
RELIGION, TRUTH, and FORTITUDE—  
combin'd

To stamp their image in thy perfect mind ;  
When friendship glow'd, 'twas lustre all its  
own,

Up-rais'd to Heaven the bright example  
shone.

Awake to Misery's call, thy melting heart  
In others sorrows claim'd its equal part ;  
And POVERTY, by pitying ANGELS led,  
Caught from thy liberal hand her daily bread.  
Gentle as manly, merciful as brave,  
Friendship and glory consecrate thy grave !  
Heroes shall wander where thy bones repose,  
Gaze on thy wreck, and moralize their woes.  
In after-ages, 'midst the battle's heat,  
The veteran soldier shall thy fall repeat ;  
At thy great name the vanquish'd foe shall  
flee,

Daunted by MOORHOUSE, FATE and VIC-  
TORY.

And thou—meek partner of his tender  
care,

While damp that cheek with grief's too fre-  
quent tear,

May friendship hope to mitigate the sigh,  
Arrest the falling tribute from the eye,  
And guide, in resignation's path, thy way  
Through life's dark hour to Heaven's eternal  
day !

O life ! contrasted in thy little sphere,  
Weak are thy blessings, fleeting thy career :  
In thoughtless joy the morn of beauty blooms,  
Nor dreads the blast that flatters and con-  
sumes.

The scepter'd King, that from his splendid  
throne

Feels conscious pow'r in misery's dying groan,  
When on the rack the mangled convict  
bleeds,

And meagre death on vital anguish feeds,  
What are HIS thoughts—the PRESENT hour  
of Love,

Th' Ambrosial Cup and Amaranthine Grove,

The warbling Lute, the bliss-inspiring Lyre,  
When virgin beauty strikes the quivering  
wire !

Such are HIS thoughts, whilst yet departing  
breath

Hangs on the culprit's lips, and pleads for  
death.

TO-MORROW blasts the pleasures of TO-DAY,  
And with the VICTIM's joins the TYRANT'S  
day !

Then what avails the comfortless parade,  
The high plum'd hearse with sable pomp ar-  
ray'd !

Tho' endless trophies grace the sculptur'd urn,  
No FRIEND shall weep—no virtuous RE-  
LICT mourn !

Expos'd to chilling winds and beating rains,  
Scarcely the parent rose the shock sustains,  
When bending o'er her leaves with blushing  
pride,

She shields the bud that clusters by her side,  
Till some rude gale its silken blossoms tear,  
And the last parting fragrance blends with  
air.

So have I seen, affectionately mild,  
The anxious mother watch her darling child,  
Whilst lingering illness nips its roseate bloom,  
And prematurely marks it for the tomb !  
Lost to regret—hertell—the sinks to death,  
And in the arms of peace resigns her breath,  
O gone forever, and forever mourn'd !  
Lost to the world the virtues it adorn'd ;  
If, sometimes wandering o'er thy fainted  
grave,

The midnight dews my trembling footsteps  
lave ;

Deign (whilst thy spirit courts the glimmer-  
ing shade)

T' accept the mournful tribute justly paid ;  
So shall soft Peace her wonted charms restore,  
And live with Life—till Memory blooms no  
more !

## DAMON AND CHLOE, A SONG,

BY DR. TROTTER.

SAYS Damon to Chloe, I've rear'd me a  
bower

With trees of each beautiful hue,  
Sweet cowslips and daisies embroider the  
floor,

And I long much to shew it to you.

A neat little cot at the foot of a hill

You may see where it rises to view,

Some acres of land and a murmuring rill,

O, I long much to shew them to you.

A bird in the shade can each secret repeat

That our swains in their courtship renew,  
I'll make the young warbler declare from his  
seat

All their amorous frolics to you.

Amus'd with his prattle she went to the grove,  
 Ev'ry flow'r look'd more lovely to view;  
 And all, says the swain, is a gift for my love,  
 The sheep and the shepherd for you.

He ask'd her for something—it might be a  
 kifs,

And it mov'd her she could not tell how;  
 But there the first promis'd to crown all his  
 blifs,

And gave the fond shepherd her vow.

I'm charm'd, said the maid, with your cot-  
 tage and bower,

Dear Damon, I'll ever be true;

While the sun decks the rose, or the dew  
 bathes a flower,

I'll never love shepherd but you.

#### ON A REPUTATION DAMPER.

STROPHUS, on frosty rancour fed,  
 With frothy venom strives to blot  
 The fair fame of the honour'd dead.  
 But ere his last broach'd slander's read,  
 The former's scorned and forgot.

So might you see a chatt'ring daw  
 On CÆSAR'S passive statue mute,  
 Then give a self-applauding caw—  
 But the first show'r the seeming flaw  
 Completely washes out.

#### CAUSTICUS

Sept. 7, 1791.

#### L I N E S,

Addressed to the DUTCHESS of GORDON.

A VERDANT meadow and a morning fair  
 Charm'd Laura forth to taste the purer  
 air;

Across the vale to yonder shady grove  
 (The sacred haunt of Innocence and Love)  
 She bent her way,—and from a coming  
 show'r  
 Sought the kind refuge of yon woodbine  
 bow'r.

There, musing calmly on the passing storm,  
 The rainbow's colours, and the lightning's  
 form,

She sat entranc'd,—till, bursting on her sight,  
 Cupid came posting from a neighb'ring height.  
 Heedless of rocks and cliffs he forward  
 prefs'd,

(While all his mien the utmost joy ex-  
 perts'd)

Hied to the bow'r, and sprung upon her  
 breast.

Th' astonish'd Laura, gazing on the boy,  
 Enquir'd his reason for such boisterous joy.

"Rash child!" said she, "check thy impe-  
 tuous speed,

"Tell who thou art, and why this sudden  
 deed?"

Th' amazed boy starts back with wild sur-  
 prize,

Wipes the big tear away, and faintly cries,  
 "Madam, forgive! Alas, oppress'd with woe,  
 "Long have I wander'd on this globe below;  
 "Travers'd this happy Isle from coast to

"coast,

"In hopes to find, ah me! a parent lost.

"Venus, that parent whom I seek in vain

"Within her fav'rite grove, or on the plain,

"One of her Doves had fled she knew not

"where,

"And for its loss she mourn'd in sad despair,

"Then hied to seek it, while I careless

"stray'd,

"And with the youthful Ganymede I play'd.

"Since then no tidings of her could I gain,

"Till as I cross'd yon open flow'ry plain,

"I met a Trav'ler, early in the day,

"Who said, I'd find her if I came this way,

"For he had seen her on the Banks of }

"Spey \*;

"So pray excuse a blund'ring boy like me,

"By Venus' self I swear I thought your

"Grace was she."

URBANUS SYLVIO.

#### E L M I N A ;

OR, THE FLOWER THAT NEVER FADES.

Translated from a French Song in the Tale  
 of the same name, in the European Ma-  
 gazine, Vol. XX. page 9.

By GEORGE ROLLOS.

FRESH from their native beds I bring  
 These images of Youth and Spring;  
 Sweet flow'rs, whose bloom too quickly pass,  
 What pity ye no longer last!

In early dawn the Violet spreads  
 Its transient beauties thro' the meads;  
 At close of day the maid no more  
 Can trace, alas! her fav'rite flow'r.

At noon the Rose of Damask hue  
 She plucks, the gaudiest as it grew;  
 An instant sees its leaves expand,  
 The next, they wither in her hand.

Yet one there is of lasting kind,—  
 Happy the Nymph this flow'r can find!  
 In ever-during sweets array'd,  
 Whose blooming beauties never fade.

'Tis neither Violet nor Rose,  
 Nor in the field or garden grows;  
 Fast rooted in the soul 'tis seen,  
 And there maintains perpetual spring.

Would'st thou, 'till latest time shall end,  
 Secure the lover and the friend,  
 Elmina, cultivate with care  
 The flow'r that blows immortal there.

Hammer-smith,

Sept. 2, 1791.

\* On the banks of this river stands Gordon Castle, her Grace's country residence.

## THE XVth PSALM VERSIFIED,

By THOMAS CLIO RICKMAN.

## I.

SAY, Gracious God ! and aid my song,  
To whom Salvation does belong ;  
To whom thy Promises are given,  
And who the Man thou'lt raise to Heaven ?

## II.

'Tis he alone, whose thoughts and deeds  
From Virtue's precepts ne'er recedes ;  
Whole generous tongue could ne'er impart  
The thing that was not in his heart ;

## III.

Who ne'er put wicked Scandal round,  
Nor dar'd his neighbour's fame to wound ;  
Who ne'er believ'd what Malice said,  
Or listen'd when the lie was spread ;

## IV.

Who Vice rejects with all her state,  
With whom the Good alone are Great ;  
Who to his breast will fondly bear  
Sweet Piety ! tho' rags she wear ;

## V.

Who to his plighted vows and trust  
Is ever obstinately just ;  
Although the promise that he makes,  
His last remaining pittance takes ;

## VI.

Whose soul could ne'er a farthing claim,  
That Justice did not bid him name ;  
Who ne'er the guiltless could destroy,  
Or look on others ills with joy ;

## VII.

This Man, when Earth's foundation shakes,  
When universal Nature quakes,  
Shall mount on Rapture's wings away  
To regions of Eternal Day.

## O D E TO P O E T R Y.

To R. COSWAY, Esq.

By MARY DAWES BLACKETT.

COME Poesy, divinely fair !  
Hither, enchanting nymph, repair !  
Haste ! bring thy choicest lyre along,  
To Cosway breathe thy choicest song ;  
His kindling bosom owns thy claims ;  
His soul can feel thy measur'd strains.  
But mark me, Nymph ! to win his ear,  
The theme must be to Virtue dear :  
From ev'ry vice, from ev'ry folly free,  
Chaste as his pencil must thy numbers be.  
Haste thee, Nymph, then, let us rove  
Through yon high o'er-arching grove ;  
There, while to the op'ning day  
The woodland warblers pour their lay,  
Let gratitude my soul inspire :  
Or if, to shun the noontide heat,  
I seek the shady cool retreat,  
Lend me, Poesy, thy lyre.

Far from the glare of Courts, the haunts of  
fame— [oak,

Ah ! let me there, beneath some spreading  
Whose sculptur'd rind still bears Horatio's  
name, [voke.

Oh ! let me, gentle Nymph ! thy aid in—

Then shall Mem'ry pour her strain,  
A strain which oft Horatio sung,  
When his manly bosom glowing,  
Ev'ry ruder thought subdu'd,  
He the Sage's theme pursued ;  
Or, with old Homer, o'er the plain  
Pursu'd the Greek and Ilian train.

Or if a gentler theme he chose,

His voice in tender accents flowing,  
And breathing notes of gay desire,  
Tun'd to the dimpled God his lyre,  
With so much art that lyre was strung,  
That at its sound soft passion rose,

The soul itself his pow'r confest,  
And mutual ardour warm'd each breast.

Oft too he soar'd on Meditation's wing,  
And touch'd sublime a more exalted string.

Wilt thou at eve my footsteps lead  
O'er the flow'r-enamell'd mead ;  
Or on yon high-rais'd antique tow'r  
Pass with me the midnight hour ?  
Ah ! together let us stray

Through the star-bespangled way ;  
Ev'ry step new worlds exploring ;  
All my soul her God adoring !  
Give me then, Poesy, thy noblest fire,  
And let me pour the Pæan from my lyre.

But if from yonder frowning steep  
My eye surveys the boist'rous deep,  
As loud tumultuous billows roar  
Against the cliff-defended shore ;  
And through th' impervious gloom of night  
Pale meteors pour sulphureous light ;

While the fiercely eddying wind  
With terror fills th' expecting mind ;  
At such an hour shouldst thou be by,  
List'ning to the seaman's cry,  
Then throw thy tuneful lyre aside,  
And with me bending o'er the tide,  
Oh ! stimulate my soul to save  
The victim from the op'ning wave.

## E L E G Y,

By A YOUTH OF FIFTEEN.

ON ev'ry hill the yellow moon-beams  
sleep \*,  
While Philomela pours her pensive song ;  
Upon the curling lake cool Zephyrs creep,  
And softly sigh the trembling woods among.  
How clear this crys'tal riv'let bubbling flows,  
O'er which the ash-clad rocks impending  
frown !  
How green this bank, inviting soft repose,  
With many a purple violet o'ergrown !

\* "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank."—SHAKESPEARE.

Here can I view the fertile vale below ;  
The glassy lake reflecting all the scene ;  
O'er which impervious groves soft waving  
bow, [beam.

On which pale Cynthia shoots a trembling  
Here can I view the silver sleeping deep,  
Whose tranquil waters " hardly seem to  
" flow ;" [sleep,

The stream now trembling o'er the rocky  
Now creeping soft, with long-drawn mur-  
murs slow.

Where yon old elm-trees fling a gloomy  
shade,

A ruin'd abbey rears its sad remains ;  
The solemn ivy lenes its feeble aid,  
And, twining round, the mould'ring arch  
sustains.

But ah ! tho' here each loveliest scene com-  
bine, [pires !

No pleasing thought their beauty now in-  
He's dead, who erst amid their charms did  
shine,

As night's bright regent mid the lesser fires †.  
Each object wakes a melancholy thought ;  
And tells, alas ! of joys that now are gone.  
Since Clovis died, each scene with woe is  
fraught ;

With him they pleas'd, without him plea-  
sure's flown.

S. D.

## V E R S E S.

BY THE SAME HAND.

**T**WILIGHT slowly steals around me,  
Veils the scene in glimmering gloom ;  
While amid the fading landscape  
Faintly gleams the pale-fac'd moon.

Where yon ivy-mantled abbey  
Frowns majestic o'er the dale,  
The evening breezes gently rising  
Whisper 'mid the cloysters pale.

Mark the solitary owl  
Slowly quits her lone retreat !  
Now the haunt of Melancholy,  
Once fair Learning's fav'rite seat.

Slow the purple exhalations  
Quit the bosom of the stream ;  
Slow the weary farmer homeward  
Drives his harvest-laden team.

Around the gate his children thronging  
Anxious wait his glad return,  
His wife the frugal meal preparing  
Within his cot—Content's sojourn.

Content ! thou seldom granted blessing,  
How happy is thy fav'rite's lot !  
Who health and competence possessing  
Confines his wishes to his cot.

'Tis thou that fill'st that little mansion  
With constant bliss and heart-felt joy—  
Ah ! may misfortune never enter,  
Their full-blown pleasures to destroy.

Softly pant the balmy breezes  
The gentle quiv'ring woods among,  
And melancholy Philomela  
Gives the parting day a song.

The mournful curfew loud lamenting  
Flings to the gale its fullen sound ;  
The plaintive accent Echo catches,  
And lengthens out the note profound.

The chilly dews of eve descending  
Bid each lovely flow'ret close—  
Night comes, and universal Nature  
Sinks in the arms of soft repose,

Night comes, and hastes with sable mantle  
To wrap the world in gloom profound :  
Nature's beauties quickly vanish,  
Ebon darkness hovers round. S. D.  
*Birmingham, April 30, 1791.*

The following ODE ON CAMBREA, a MOUN-  
TAIN IN CORNWALL, was written

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

**N**EAR yonder solitary tower,  
'Lone glooming 'midst the moony light,  
I roam at midnight's spectred hour,  
And climb the wild majestic height :  
Low to the mountain let me rev'rent bow,  
Where Wisdom, Virtue, taught their founts  
to flow.

Pale on a rock's aspiring steep,  
Behold a Druid sits forlorn,  
I see the white-rob'd phantom weep,  
I hear his harp of sorrow mourn.  
The vanish'd grove provokes his deepest sigh,  
And altars open'd to the gazing eye.

Permit me, Druid, here to stray,  
And powder 'mid thy drear retreat ;  
To wail the solitary way

Where Wisdom held her hallow'd seat ;  
Here let me roam, in spite of Folly's smile,  
A pensive Pilgrim, o'er each pitted pile.

Poor Ghost ! no more the Druid race  
Shall here their sacred fires relume :  
No more their show'rs of incense blaze ;  
No more their tapers gild the gloom.  
Lo ! snakes obscene along the temples creep,  
And foxes on the broken altars sleep.

No more beneath the golden brook,  
The treasures of the grove shall fall ;  
Time triumphs o'er each blasted oak,  
Whose power at length shall crush the  
ball.

\* —————velut inter ignes

Luna minores,

G g

HORACE.

Led

Led by the wrinkled Pow'r, with gladden'd  
mien,

Gigantic Ruin treads the weeping scene.

No more the Bards in strains sublime

The actions of the brave proclaim,

Thus rescuing from the rage of Time

Each glorious deed approv'd by Fame.

Deep in the dust each lyre is laid unstrung,

While mute forever stops each tuneful tongue.

Here Wisdom's, Virtue's awful voice

Inspir'd the Youth's of Cornwall's plains :

With such no more these hills rejoice,

But fullen, death-like, silence reigns,

While Melancholy, in yon mould'ring tow'r

Sits list'ning to old Ocean's distant roar.

Let others, heedless of the Hill,

With eye incurious pass along ;

My Muse with grief the scene shall fill,

And swell with softest sighs her song.

Ah ! pleas'd each Druid mansion to deplore,  
Where Wisdom, Virtue, dwelt, but dwell  
no more.

### E P I T A P H

ON TWO YOUNG MEN who were killed by  
LIGHTNING ON ROOKSHILL, Dec. 23,  
1790.

BY MR. HAYLEY.

READER ! this stone solicits not thy tear ;  
Deem not this sudden stroke of Heaven  
severe ;

But justly bear upon thy heart impress,

This awful lesson which the dead suggest :—

The rich may need (if stain'd by worldly  
strife), [healthy life,

Slow Death's repentant pangs to purchase

The virtuous poor require no chast'ning rod,

Lightning may waft them to the throne of  
God.

### A I R

Against the BITE of the TARANTULA.

[From ZIMMERMANN'S FLORILEGIUM.]



# THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,  
For Mr. BANNISTER Junior's First Ap-  
pearance in KING RICHARD the Third,  
for his FATHER's Benefit, at the Theatre  
Royal, Haymarket.

Written by Mr. COLMAN, jun.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

ARE there no grinders here? No wags  
who come  
Prepar'd to find each tragic *ha a bum?*  
Is there among you, now, no merry soul  
Who hopes King Richard will be monstrous  
droll? [feating—  
Who hopes to turn—his anxious aim de-  
“Our *stern alarums*” to a “*merry meeting?*”  
Who, when the crook-back'd tyrant, hoarse,  
shall hollow,  
“A horse! a horse!” thinks a horse-laugh  
will follow?  
I fear me, such there are—good honest folk!  
Compose your muscles—he is not in joke;  
No comic tones, he trusts, will meet your  
ears,

In solemn sober sadness he appears;  
Kicks off the sock, eager for tragic glory,  
And in a pair of buskins stalks before ye.  
*Coupee, Bowkit, Gubbins, La Gloire* laid by,  
He for a while means downright tragedy;  
Suspends the mellow laugh, the leering jest,  
And does—what he has always done for you  
—his best.

Yet 'tis not now his maiden green endeavour,  
Long since, in serious mood he met your  
favour:

And if, by tedious interval grown rusty,  
Melpomene frown on him and look crusty;  
To-night, at least, afford him your applause,  
He must act well—who fights a Father's  
cause! [speak;

*Richard*, my friends, grave faces wou'd be-  
And then—he'll try to make you laugh, in  
*Jerry Sneak*\*.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE

## IRISHMAN IN SPAIN.

Written by the AUTHOR of the FARCE.

Spoken by Mr. R. PALMER

GAD the Haymarket's now quite full of  
stones.

Near Panton-street I'd almost broke my  
bones†!

Says Pat the paviour, “The OP'RA HOUSE,  
“'tis plain,

“Is to be pav'd with (*mimics a paviour*)  
MEN from DRURY-LANE!

“As for those stones, my jewel, on the  
right,

“They're for bombarding CALAIS ev'ry  
night.”

The author of our farce your candour sues:  
A patient hearing, none, sure, will refuse!  
If he shou'd make you smile, bestow some  
praise,

For the laugh's harmless that he means to  
raise.

He probes no wound among the higher  
ranks,

NO BOXING—NO INTRIGUES—NO FARO  
BANKS;

Where some brisk dames snatch Fortune's  
low rewards,

And splendid duffers shine, by—DEALING  
CARDS.

[*Imitating a Faro dealer.*]

Where lipping Miss can calculate lucky hits  
For cropt-hair'd beaus—ar'n't all beaus now  
theer wits?

[*As if clipping his top.*]

Worse than the Anthropophagi are some  
males,

With necks beneath their shoulders, and no  
tails!

[*Pulling back his collar, then points to  
his hair behind.*]

“Ta'en from the Spanish,” (*reading the  
bill*) hav'n't ye ta'en of old

Spain's sterling humour, and Spain's sterling  
gold!

Then pray be kind—you're Candour's self  
—adieu!

[*Going, returns, as if not recollect-  
ing himself, and looking towards the  
Prompter.*]

I've more to say—but I've, too, lost my cue!  
[Exit.

[The Prologue was omitted when  
the Farce was reduced to one Act; as few  
or no one-act pieces have Prologues.

SEPT. 2. *The Irishman in Spain*, reduc-  
ed to one-act, was represented again at the  
Haymarket, but with little more succes  
than on its original performance.

12. Covent Garden Theatre opened with  
*The Dramatist* and *The Farmer*.

\* Mr. Bannister, jun. performed *Jerry Sneak* after the Play.

† The Haymarket is now paving.

15. The Haymarket closed, when Mr. Palmer, in the name of the Manager and Performers, repeated the following address :

" Ladies and Gentlemen,

" The Manager commissions me to give you more than the usual grateful farewell. The uncommon patronage of this season requires more than common thanks—he therefore thanks you as a grateful heart usually thanks—by saying little.—His future exertions will best prove his sense of obligations.—The Performers, Ladies and Gentlemen, must make their acknowledgments in the same strain.—Great has been your liberality—and, when on these boards we court your favour again, great shall be our efforts."

19. Mr. Bloomfield, from Bath, appeared the first time in London, at Covent Garden, in the character of Theodore, in the Count of Narbonne. Mr. Bloomfield possesses a well-formed manly figure, with a powerful voice, but neither musical nor various, nor are his features very expressive. He has self-possession enough to call forth the talents which belong to him. These, however, require so much cultivation, and he appears to have so much both to learn and unlearn, that it will be some time before, we think, he will be able to support a capital line of acting on the London Stage.

21. Mr. Fawcett, from York, appeared the first time in London, at Covent Garden, in the character of Caleb, in *He Would be a Soldier*. This Gentleman comes forward as a candidate to succeed the late Mr. Edwin, whose equal is hardly to be expected for many years. It is but just to confess that Mr. Fawcett promises better than any other person who has attempted this arduous task. His performance was a very respectable one, and he introduced a song which was received with great applause. From the merit of his first performance we derive no small expectations of the future.

22. The Drury-lane Company, removed to the Haymarket, opened that Theatre with a Prelude (not heard) called *Poor Old Drury*, The Haunted Tower, and The Pannel. At the beginning of the performance there was a considerable disturbance, on account of raising the prices, which, however, was overpowered by the applauses of the majority, and the Opera and Farce were received with distinguished approbation. Too much cannot be said of the splendour of the Theatre, which infinitely surpasses any place in which English performances only were ever exhibited.

## PROCEEDINGS of the NATIONAL ASSEMBLY of FRANCE.

[ Continued from Page 150. ]

SATURDAY, Sept. 3.

**I**N the sitting of the National Assembly on this day, the following decree was passed :

" The National Assembly has resolved, that the Constitution is completed, and that no further change can take place in it."

On a proposal of M. D'Andre, it was then determined, that a Deputation of sixty Members should, in the course of the day, present the Constitutional Code to the King.

M. Prieur observed, that as the Constitution was about being presented to the King, it was likewise necessary that the whole of France should be made acquainted with it; he therefore moved, that without delay it should be printed, and circulated throughout all the departments of the kingdom. This proposal was adopted.

M. Delly d'Agier moved,

1. That no Member shall be allowed, even now the Constitution is completed, to absent himself from the Assembly without leave.

2. That the present Senate, on restoring to the nation the immense power with which

it has been invested by it, shall style itself " The Legislative Assembly."

These two motions were adopted.

On a proposal by M. Lavie, the President was authorised to appoint sixty Members who should present to the King the Constitutional Code.

The President accordingly read the list of the Members who were to form this deputation, after which the Assembly rose.

### PRESENTATION of the CONSTITUTIONAL CODE to the KING.

The Members of the Deputation assembled in the hall at the hour appointed; but the copy of the Constitutional Code not being completed, they waited till half past eight o'clock, when the President, instead of taking the chair, ascended the Tribune, and informed the Members present, that he had announced to the King the Deputation of the National Assembly, and that the King had said that he was ready to receive it.

The Deputation accordingly began its march, attended by flambeaux, between two files of National Guards, and an immense crowd

crowd of people on both sides, who kept great silence.

The Deputation was received in the Council Chamber. The King was surrounded by all his Ministers, and a great number of other persons.

The Reporter of the Committee of Constitution, M. Thourct, spoke as follows :

"The Representatives of the Nation present to your Majesty the Constitutional Code, which consecrates the imprescriptible rights of the French people, which restores to the Throne its true dignity, and which organizes the government of the Empire."

#### THE KING'S ANSWER.

"I receive the Constitution presented to me by the National Assembly.—I will communicate my resolution to the National Assembly as soon as the examination of so important an object will render it possible. *I am determined to remain in Paris.* I will give orders to the Commandant-General of the National Parisian Guard respecting the guard for my person."

The Deputation returned to the hall of the Assembly by the same way and in the same order in which they had left it, when M. Thourct gave an account to the Members there, of what he said to the King, and his Majesty's answer.

#### SUNDAY, September 4.

M. Thourct, who had only given an account of the proceedings of the Deputation to the few Members who were in the hall when he returned last night from waiting on the King, now gave an account to the Assembly.

The hall resounded with applauses.

#### TUESDAY, Sept. 13.

While a Monsieur Verninac was justifying some part of his political conduct to the NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, the Minister of Justice, preceded by his officers, entered the hall; the members on the left side immediately began to testify their joy, and those on the right did but ill conceal their discontent by some ironical smiles.

"The King has charged me," said M. Duport to the President, "to deliver you a message." An officer carried a packet to the President, M. Thourct, who opened it, and said to the Assembly, "The Minister of Justice has just brought to me, on the part of the King, a message, which his Majesty charges me to communicate to the Assembly."

The President then desired M. Verninac to continue his justification, while he looked over the letter; but M. Foucault wished to put a question—"Whether the letter should not be immediately read?"

"The law," said the President, "requires, that every deliberative assembly shall

complete a discussion, when it is begun; and M. Verninac has not yet finished. It is, besides, necessary to the success of the letter itself, that it should be well understood; and as the King's writing is not very intelligible, I wish for time to examine it."

M. Verninac then very calmly went on with his justification; and when he had concluded, the President read as follows:

#### "GENTLEMEN,

"I have attentively examined the Constitutional Act, which you have offered for my acceptance. I accept it, and will cause it to be executed. This declaration might be sufficient at another time; at present I owe it to the interest of the nation, I owe it to myself, to make known my motives.

"From the commencement of my reign I have desired the reform of abuses; and in all acts of government have loved to take public opinion for a rule. Various causes, in the number of which should be placed the situation of the finances at my accession to the throne, and the immense expence of an honourable war, supported for a long time without increase of taxes, had established a considerable disproportion between the revenues and the expences of the State.

"Struck with the magnitude of this evil, I did not only seek for means to apply a remedy to it; I also perceived the necessity of preventing its return. I formed a plan for insuring the happiness of the people upon a permanent basis, and for subjecting to invariable rules even the sovereign authority, of which I am the depositary. I called the nation around me to execute it.

"During the events of the Revolution, my intentions never varied. When, after having reformed the ancient institutions, you began to substitute the first essays of your labour, I did not wait to give my consent to them till the entire Constitution should be made known to me; I favoured the establishment of its parts, even before it was possible to judge of the whole; and if the disorders which have accompanied almost all the periods of the Revolution, too often occurred to afflict my heart, I hoped that the law would recover its force under the hands of the new authorities; and that, as the period of your labours approached, every day would confer upon it that respect, without which the people can have neither liberty nor happiness.

"I persisted long in this hope, and my resolution did not change till the moment when that abandoned me. Every one recollects the moment when I separated myself from Paris; the Constitution was nearly finished, and notwithstanding, the authority of the laws seemed to weaken every day; opinion, far from becoming settled, subdivided  
itself

itself into a number of parts. The most violent councils seemed alone to obtain favour; the licentiousness of the Press was at its greatest height; no power was respected.

"I could no longer recognize the character of the general will in the laws, which I saw were without force and without execution. I am free to say, that if you had then presented the Constitution to me, I should not have believed that the interest of the people, the constant and only rule of my conduct, permitted me to accept it. I had but one sentiment; I formed but one plan; I wished to get at a distance from all parties, and to know what was the real wish of the nation.

"The motives which would then have directed me do not now exist; since that time, the inconveniencies and evils of which I complain, have appeared to you as well as to me; you have discovered a wish for the re-establishment of order; you have directed your attention to the want of discipline in the army; you have acknowledged the necessity of retraining the abuses of the press. A revision of your labours has placed in the number of regulatory laws several articles which have been presented to me as constitutional. You have established legal forms for the revision of those, which you have placed in the Constitution. In short, the sentiments of the people no longer appear doubtful to me; I have seen them manifest themselves, at once by their adherence to your work, and by their attachment to the maintenance of a monarchical government.

"I accept, then, the Constitution; I accept the engagement to maintain it within the kingdom, to defend it against all attacks from without, and to cause it to be executed by all the means which it puts in my power.

"I declare, that, being informed of the attachment of the great majority of the people to the Constitution, I renounce the concurrence which I claimed in this work; and that, being responsible only to the nation, no other, after my renunciation, has a right to complain.

"I should, notwithstanding, fail in my attention to truth, if I said, that I perceived in the means of execution and of administration all the energy which will be necessary to give motion and preserve the unity of all parts of so vast an empire; but, since opinions are now divided upon these subjects,—I consent that experience alone shall remain the judge. When I have put into action, with fidelity, all the means which have been entrusted to me, no reproach can be directed to me; and the nation, whose interest alone should be the rule, will ex-

plain itself by the means which the Constitution has reserved to it.

"But, Gentlemen, for the confirmation of Liberty, for the stability of the Constitution, for the individual happiness of all the French, there are interests upon which an imperious duty prescribes to us the re-union of all our efforts; these interests are, respect to the laws, the establishment of order, and the re-union of all the citizens.—Now that the Constitution is definitively decreed, Frenchmen living under the same laws should know no enemies but those who break them.—Discord and anarchy—these are our common enemies.

"I will combat them with all my power: it is necessary that you and your successors should assist me with energy, in order that, without desiring dominion over the mind, the law may equally protect all those who submit to it in their actions; that those whom the fear of persecutions and troubles has driven from their country, may be certain, upon returning to it, of finding security and tranquillity. In order to extinguish hatreds, and to soften the evils which a great revolution brings with it; that the law may from henceforward begin to receive its full execution, let us consent to forget what is past, that the accusations and prosecutions, which have originated only in the events of the Revolution, may be abolished in a general reconciliation. I speak not of those who have been influenced only by their attachment to me;—can you think them culpable? As to those who by excesses, in which I can perceive personal injuries, have drawn upon themselves the prosecution of the law, I shall prove, with respect to them, *that I am the King of all the French!*

(Signed)

LOUIS."

Sept. 13, 1791.

"P. S. I have thought, Gentlemen, that it was in the place where the Constitution has been formed, that I ought to pronounce the solemn acceptance of it. I shall, in consequence, repair to-morrow, at mid-day, to the National Assembly."

All the patriotic side of the Assembly discovered the utmost joy upon the receipt of this letter, and interrupted the reading of it several times with their applause. When it was finished, shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" filled the hall, and many persons ran out into the Tuilleries to communicate their intelligence and their transports to the populace there.

M. de la Fayette, as soon as he could be heard, concisely moved the following resolutions, which were immediately adopted.

"The

"The National Assembly having heard the message of the King in acceptance of the Constitutional Act, adopting the sentiment which the King has testified, as to the cessation of all prosecutions relative to the events of the Revolution, decrees as follows :

1. "All persons being in a state of arrest, or accusation, relative to the departure of the King, shall be immediately set at liberty, and all prosecutions shall cease as to them.

2. "The Committees of Constitution and of Criminal Jurisprudence shall present to-morrow, at the commencement of the sitting, a decree immediately abolishing all proceedings relative to the events of the Revolution.

3. "There shall also be presented, to-morrow, a plan of a decree for abolishing the use of passports, and for annihilating the momentary restrictions placed upon the liberty which the Constitution insures to all French citizens, of going and coming as well within as without the kingdom.

"A deputation of sixty Members shall go immediately to present the above decree."

M. Goupil also demanded, that a deputation of sixty Members should go to the King with some expression of the happiness which his conduct had occasioned; and this proposal was immediately adopted.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 14.

M. Dandre began the proceedings of the day by moving, that, during the visit of the King, the Assembly should not adopt any deliberation; and that the President should be invested with sufficient authority to prevent any private Member from speaking.

The Assembly decided, that no motion should be made in the presence of the King.

After some decrees relative to the circumscription of parishes had been passed, M. Le Chapelier desired leave to give an account of the manner in which the decree for a general amnesty had been presented to the King by the Deputation of which he was a Member.

"When we presented the decree to the King," said M. Chapelier, "I thus addressed him :

"SIRE,

"The National Assembly, in hearing your Majesty's message read, often interrupted the reading of it, by the applauses which the affection of the French for their King produced. They felt the most tender sentiments upon perceiving your Majesty express a wish for a general amnesty, by which all discords and dissensions might be terminated; and they were eager to pass a decree, which might ascertain the limits of the Revolution."

The King, with an air of much satisfaction, replied as follows :

"I shall always find a pleasure and a duty in following the wish of the nation, when it shall be known. I perceive with gratitude that the National Assembly has acceded to my wish.

"May the decree which you have presented to me put an end to all disorders, reunite all persons; and may we be but one."

The King added,

"I am informed, that the National Assembly has this morning passed a decree relative to the *blue ribbon*; I am determined to dismiss this decoration, and I entreat you to communicate my resolution to the Assembly.

"The Queen and the King's children were at the entrance of the Council Chamber, in which the Deputation was received. The King said, "There are my wife and children, who partake my sentiments."

"The Queen advanced and said,

"We all of us, my children and myself, participate the sentiments of the King!"

The Assembly here expressed much applause.

When some business relative to the affair of Avignon had been gone through, the President said,

"The King is on his way to repair to the Assembly. I need not recall your attention to the decree which with-holds from all Members the right of speaking while he is with us. At the moment in which the King takes his oath, the Assembly ought to be seated.

M. Malouet, objecting to this, observed, that there was not one instance in which the National Assembly had not acknowledged the King for its chief; and required, that from the respect due to his character, the Assembly should continue standing during his presence.

M. Dandre said, "The following was the rule at the opening of the States-General, and ought to be observed now. When the King entered the Hall, they rose; when he spoke, the Deputies were seated and covered."

An Huissier then announced—"Here is the King."

The King entered the Hall, accompanied by all his Ministers, and with no other decoration than the Cross of the Order of Saint Louis. The Assembly rose—the King went and placed himself by the side of the President.

The King—"Gentlemen, I come to consecrate here solemnly the acceptance of which I have given to the Constitutional Act,

"In

"In consequence, I swear (the Assembly here became seated) to be faithful to the Nation and to the Law; to employ all the power which is delegated to me, in the maintenance of the Constitution decreed by the Constituent National Assembly; and to cause the Laws to be executed."

The King sat down, and the Hall resounded with applauses; after which he proceeded:

"May this great and memorable epocha be that of the re-establishment of peace and union, and become the basis of the welfare of the People, and of the prosperity of the Empire!"

The Hall resounded for several minutes with applauses, and shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*"

The Minister of Justice tendered to him the Constitution, which he signed.

The President stood up and said,—“Abuses of long standing, which had triumphed over the good intentions of the best of Kings, and had unceasingly braved the authority of the Throne, oppressed France [The King remained sitting, and the President sat down.] As the depositary of the will, of the rights, and of the power of the people, the National Assembly has established, by the destruction of all abuses, the solid basis of public prosperity. Sire, what this Assembly has decreed, the national concurrence has ratified. The most complete execution of its Decrees in all parts of the Empire, attests the general sentiment. It deranges the weak plans of those whom discontent has too long kept blind to their own interests. It promises to your Majesty, that your wishes for the happiness of the French will no longer be fruitless.

“The National Assembly has nothing more to desire on this ever-memorable day, in which you complete, within their walls, by the most solemn engagement, the acceptance of Constitutional Royalty. It is the attachment of the French—it is their confidence, who confer upon you that pure and respectable title to the most desirable Crown in the universe; and what secures it to you, Sire, is the unperishable authority of a Constitution freely decreed. It is the invincible force of a people who feel themselves worthy of liberty—it establishes the necessity which so great a nation will always have of an hereditary Monarchy.

“When your Majesty, waiting from experience the lights which are about to be spread by the practical result of the Constitution, promises to maintain it within, and to defend it from attack from without, the Nation, trusting both to the justice of its rights, and to the consciousness of its force and courage, and to the fidelity of your co-operation, can entertain no apprehension of

alarms from without, and is about to contribute, by its tranquil confidence, to the speedy success of its internal government.

“What ought to be great in your eyes, Sire, dear to our hearts, and what will appear with lustre in our history, is, the epocha of this regeneration; which gives to France, Citizens—to the French, a Country—to you, as King, a new title of grandeur and of glory—and to you again, as a man, a new source of enjoyment, and new sensations of happiness.”

Loud plaudits followed.

The King quitted the Assembly in the midst of shouts of "*Vive le Roi.*"—The Assembly, in a body, accompanied him to the Palace of the Thuilleries, in the midst of acclamations and shouts of joy from the people, military music, and repeated discharges of artillery.

On Sunday, September 18, according to a decree of the Assembly, the Constitution was proclaimed all over Paris in these words:

“The Nation, the Law, and the King:

“Citizens,

“The Constituting National Assembly of the years 1789, 1790, and 1791, having commenced the work of the Constitution on the 17th of June 1789, happily concluded their labour on the 3d of September 1791. The Constitutional Chart was solemnly accepted and signed by the King on the 14th of the same month. “The Constituting National Assembly re-mits it in deposit to the fidelity of the Legislative Body, of the King, and of the Judges—to the vigilance of fathers of families—to wives, and to mothers—to the affections of the young citizens—and to the courage of all Frenchmen.”

After the last reading, the A&A was placed on the Altar of the Nation in the Field of Federation, and three rounds of 130 pieces of cannon were discharged.

An Ode was next performed, accompanied by martial music.

The procession then returned to Paris, and the rejoicings were for a while suspended.

At five o'clock, the *Champs Elysées* were crowded. A balloon of a very large size was let off for the entertainment of the people. By nine o'clock the whole city was illuminated, as was the *Champ Elysée*. Their Majesties and their family repaired thither in a single coach. Their appearance was unexpected, and diffused the most extravagant emotions of joy.

A deputation of the community of Paris, headed by the Mayor, on the same day, waited on the King and Queen, and delivered an address to each, which were very graciously received.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE,

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

*Whitehall, Aug. 30.*

IN consequence of the late Edict of the Spanish Government respecting foreigners, the principal merchants and other British subjects residing in Alicante were, on the 7th instant, required by the Governor to declare, whether they chose to be considered and classed as foreigners *Transfuentes* or *Domiciliados*. On their preferring the latter class, they were ordered to leave Alicante within fifteen days, and were required to take an oath of implicit obedience to the laws of Spain during that period. Mess. Keith and Macdonald having declined complying with this order, they were confined in the Castle of Alicante.

On the receipt of this intelligence at Madrid, Count Florida Blanca immediately assured Lord St. Helen's, that he entirely disapproved of every part of the Governor's conduct; that orders should immediately be sent for the release of Mess. Keith and Macdonald, without a moment's delay; and that the Governor should be called upon to prove any charge he might have made against them, and, on his failing to make it good, that those Gentlemen should certainly receive due satisfaction. Count Florida Blanca added, that he had, the preceding evening, sent out circular orders on this subject, which would, he trusted, secure his Majesty's subjects settled at Alicante from any further molestation.

Within a few hours after this conversation, Count Florida Blanca sent Lord St. Helen's the abovementioned order for the release of Mess. Keith and Macdonald, which his Excellency immediately forwarded to Alicante.

*Whitehall, Aug. 30.* The following advice was received on the 28th instant, from the East Indies, by the Worcester, one of the Company's ships.

*Extract of a Letter from the Chief and Council of Tellicherry to the Secret Committee of the Court of Directors, dated March 23, 1791.*

Our last advices were dated the 9th of January, since which we are happy to have an opportunity of communicating

to you a few more particulars of General Abercromby's successes in the prosecution of the war on this side of India.

After the reduction of Cananore the General proceeded towards Baliapatam, which fort surrendered to his advanced brigade without resistance; and since this period his army has been greatly strengthened by the junction of his Majesty's 73d regiment from Bengal, and the 14th battalion of Sepoys from the Madras army. Thus reinforced, the General marched from Baliapatam about a month ago, and directed his course towards the Corga Rajah's territories, where, we believe, he intends, for a short time, to remain, for the purpose of co-operating with the Grand Army, if circumstances will hereafter admit. The advanced corps, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Hartley, having taken possession of the Corga Ghaut, established there a strong and advantageous post. This may be considered a great and important acquisition; for the communication between it and the sea being now completely free and open, General Abercromby may not only second the operations of Lord Cornwallis's army, but also contribute very beneficial services and assistance to his Lordship, in the way of supplies, on his approach to Seringapatam, towards which capital his views, we understand, are now directed.

His Lordship ascended the Ghauts without opposition, about the 16th ult. by the Muglee Pass, and, from our latest accounts, had proceeded so far into the Mysore country, that it was thought he would invest the fort of Bangalore on the 5th instant. Tippoo had also considerably reinforced that garrison.

*Extract of a Letter from the President and Council at Fort St. George, in their political Department, to the Court of Directors, dated April 14, 1791.*

Our last communication respecting the grand army advised your Honourable Court, that Lord Cornwallis had advanced as far as Vellore, and that he hoped to reach Bangalore\* on the 5th or 6th of March.

In

\* The fort of Bangalore is about six days march from Seringapatam, the capital of Tippoo's country, and the chief repository of his vast wealth. This fortress is in form  
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In pursuance of this intention the army moved with all possible expedition towards the Moglee Pass, and encamped on the table land of Mysore, on the 21st of February, without any material difficulty, or the least interference on the part of the enemy.

Tippoo, in the mean time, remained near Gingee, apparently waiting the motions of Lord Cornwallis; but he no sooner discovered their object than he relinquished all hope of carrying on the war in the Carnatic, and hastened through the Changamah Pass, for the preservation of his own dominions.

After halting two days, for the purpose of mustering the bullocks, &c. Lord Cornwallis marched forward in the direction of Bangalore. The forts of Molwaggle, Colar, and Ouscottah, successively fell on the approach of our army. Forage and water were found in abundance on the line of march; and such was the confidence of the inhabitants, that they voluntarily supplied the camp with every article of provision.

In the morning of the 5th of March the enemy appeared, for the first time, in force, a few miles on the left flank of the army. Parties of horse approached very near the line, and some guns opened upon its rear, but at so considerable a distance that they neither retarded the progress nor did any material injury to the troops.

Lord Cornwallis encamped within sight of Bangalore in the evening of the 5th, and on the 7th in the morning the Pettah\* was carried by assault. It was a fortunate circumstance that a considerable quantity of dry forage was found in it,

as Tippoo had destroyed all the villages around the fort, and the barren face of the country afforded an alarming prospect for the support of our cattle.

The successful attack which had been made on the Pettah, and the happy consequences attending it, gave us the greatest satisfaction; but at the same time, we sincerely lamented the loss sustained on that occasion by the death of Lieutenant Colonel Moorhouse, whose military character was so much distinguished, and whose long, active, and zealous services to the Company deserved the highest applause.

In order to testify our sense of such conspicuous merits, we came to the following resolutions, viz. "Government having received advice of the death of Lieutenant Colonel Moorhouse, who was killed in the assault of the Pettah of Bangalore, on the 7th inst. resolved, as a testimony of respect to the memory of an officer who served the Company many years with distinguished zeal, spirit and ability, that his remains be, with the permission of the Ministers and Churchwardens, publicly interred in the church at Fort St. George, at the Company's expense, and a marble tablet fixed over his grave, with a suitable inscription, in commemoration of his merits: Resolved, likewise, that a letter be written to Earl Cornwallis to inform him of this intention, and to request his Lordship will be pleased to direct, that the body of the late Lieutenant Colonel Moorhouse be removed to the Presidency, so soon as the situation of affairs will permit."

We are assured that your Honourable

nearly oval, about two miles in circumference. At the distance of 50 or 60 yards small round bastions project, upon which are mounted three cannon. The ditch is deep and broad, but has hardly any water in it.—Around the works more than 100 pieces of cannon were planted.—Within the walls of this fortress the Sultan has a magnificent palace, the apartments are adorned with the most superb silk hangings, and the richest carpets that Persia can furnish cover the floors. The ceilings are painted in the Asiatic taste, the doors and pilasters are curiously carved and gilt, and inlaid with ivory. In the gardens our officers found water and shade, most happily blended to form delightful retreats from the sun.—They found also in this fortress a curious machine for boring muskets from the solid iron.—It is worked by bullocks, and bores 50 barrels at the same time; a proof that the mechanical powers are well known in the East.—The Killedar, or Commander of the fortress, Bahauder Khan, a venerable character, near fourscore, was killed whilst encouraging his troops to repel the British grenadiers.—Lord Cornwallis the next day sent to Tippoo a messenger to offer the body; the Sultan declined the civility, at the same time expressing his high sense of the favour; but, as the Killedar had fallen in battle, he thought he could not have a nobler grave.

\* In India, where places are strongly fortified, the habitations of the common people are on the outside of the fortress, and extend half a mile, or more, into the country. This kind of suburbs is called the Pettah. It is generally surrounded with a wall to cover it from a sudden attack.

Court will be well pleased to find that proper respect has been paid to the memory of one of the best officers that ever served the Company; and we are confident this public testimony will be gratefully received by the whole army.

Since the assault of the Pettah no official advices of the siege have reached us from Lord Cornwallis. But by means of the public Tappas\*, dispatched from camp as opportunities offered, many private letters of undoubted authority have been received; and by these we learn, that the first batteries were opened against the fort on the 12th, and that the approaches were carried on with unremitting assiduity, and in the face of Tippoo's whole army: that on the 21st at night, about eleven o'clock, the storm began, and was crowned with the most compleat and brilliant success. The garrison gave way on all sides, and though the loss of the enemy on this occasion was considerable, we have the satisfaction to observe, that ours is stated at a very small number. The miscarriage of Lord Cornwallis's official advice of the capture of Bangalore will justify our transmitting a private copy of the general orders issued to the army a day after his success; and we beg leave to conclude this account by tendering our sincerest congratulations to your Honourable Court on an event so glorious to your arms, and so important to your interests in this country.

We have been honoured with two letters from Lord Cornwallis since the fall of Bangalore, which we send as numbers in the packet. One dated the 27th of March, advising us, that as he had received information of the actual march of Rajah Feije Wunt (the Nizam's General), with a considerable body of cavalry, towards him, and being sensible of the great importance of securing the junction of this force, and the probability that Tippoo would use every means in his power to harass and obstruct their march, he had determined to move to the Northward, in the direction in which the Rajah was expected: and that he was farther induced to adopt this measure from the assurances which he had received, that the friendly Polygars in that part of the country had collected a large quantity of grain, and a great number of cattle, for the use of the army, within 50 miles of Bangalore.

His Lordship added, that he could not

then form a precise judgment whether he should be able to attempt the reduction of Srirangapatam before the rains, or whether he must limit his views to Oussore, an establishment in that part of the Mysore country; but that he could assure us that nothing but absolute necessity should make him abandon his former plan: that, with a view to expedite the re-equipment of the heavy artillery, he had appointed Colonel Duff to command in Bangalore, into which place he had put the 76th regiment and three native battalions: that the quantity of military stores of all sorts found in it was astonishing; and that there was, in particular, more gunpowder than we could possibly have occasion for during the present war.

The second letter from Lord Cornwallis is dated the 2d inst. and advised us that he left his camp, to the southward of Bangalore, on the 28th ult. and on that day fell in with the rear of the enemy's line of march at Eldevanum: That, although our infantry could not come up in time to gain any material advantage, his Lordship pursued him closely for several miles, and obliged him to relinquish the object which he appeared to have in view, of getting between our army and the corps of the Nizam's cavalry; That Tippoo retired to Pedibalabram, leaving behind him one brass nine pounder; and that he had since moved towards Sheveganga.

Lord Cornwallis, in his letter, complains of the inactivity of Rajah Feije Wunt, to whom he had written, that if he heard of any more delays and excuses, he should proceed with his own troops to the execution of his future plan of operations.

The latter part of the letter is of so pleasing a nature, that we shall give it in his Lordship's own words: "We have been most plentifully supplied with forage since we left Bangalore, notwithstanding the attempts of the enemy to burn it, and this day some Baniaries of this country brought to camp above 4000 bullocks, half of them loaded with rice, and the other half with grain, doil, ghee, and other Buzar articles."

A large force having been left to the southward at the time General Medows moved from Trichinopoly, Lord Cornwallis expressed to us his desire that it might be ordered to Amboor. Instructions were in consequence given to that

\* Tappas are Indian running footmen, who are employed in conveying dispatches over mountains and difficult passes in that country.

effect, and we have the pleasure to add, that the detachment reached its place of destination on the 22d ult. By a letter from Lieut. Col. Oldham, who commands it, dated the 6th instant, we are advised, that in consequence of orders from Earl Cornwallis, he was to move from Amboor the next day, and to advance to the head of the Ghauts, where he was to take post until he heard farther from his Lordship. This detachment, with the reinforcement sent from hence, consists of about 700 Europeans, 4200 natives, and 450 cavalry.

General Abercromby, with the Bombay army, took possession of the Coorga Pass on the 27th of February. The advance, under Lieut. Col. Hartley, was strongly posted on the top, and the General was busily employed in sending up supplies; since that time (as we are informed by private advices) the second division of the 73d regiment, sent from hence on your ship the *Queen*, and the 14th Carnatic battalion of native infantry, have joined, and rendered General Abercromby's force very respectable. The Coorga Pass is about fifty miles from Seringapatam.

Lord Cornwallis having received a letter from Tippoo the 27th of March, making an overture for a separate accommodation with us, replied, "That he could encourage no proposition that did not include our allies."

#### GENERAL ORDERS.

*Camp at Bangalore, March 22.*

Lord Cornwallis feels the most sensible gratification in congratulating the officers and soldiers of the army on the honourable issue of the fatigues and dangers which they underwent during the late arduous siege.

Their alacrity and firmness during the execution of their various duties has, perhaps, never been exceeded, and he shall not only think it incumbent on him to represent their conduct in the strongest colours, but he shall ever remember it with the sincerest sentiments of esteem and admiration.

[His Lordship then particularly expresses his approbation of the judicious arrangements made by Colonel Duff in the Artillery Department, and the officers and soldiers of that corps in general, in the service of the batteries; also offers his tribute of praise to the European Grenadiers and Light Infantry of the army, and to the 36th, 72d, and 76th regiments, who led the attack and carried the fortress; gives his particular thanks to Lieut. Col. Max-

well, in the command of the Pettah for several days previous to the assault of the fort; to Major Kelly, who commanded the attack of the breach; and to General Meadows, for his steady support, constant exertions, and able and friendly assistance.]

#### SECRET DEPARTMENT.

*Sir CHARLES OAKLEY, Bart. Senior Member, and Council of Fort St. George.*

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING received information from Lieutenant Stuart of the actual march of Rajah Feijewunt, and being sensible of the great importance of securing the junction of so considerable a body of cavalry, and of the probability that Tippoo would use every means in his power to harass and obstruct their march, I have determined to move to the northward, in the direction in which they may be expected, and I am further induced to adopt this measure, from the assurances which I have received that the friendly Polygars in that part of the country have collected a large quantity of grain, and a great number of cattle, for the use of the army, within fifty miles of this place.

After the acquisition of Rajah Feijewunt's cavalry, I shall hope to cover so large a tract of country, as to prevent the distressing effects at least of a partial firebrand, and to ensure the march of Lieutenant Colonel Oldham's detachment from Amboor, without being obliged to go to the head of the passes to meet him.

Whether I shall be able to attempt the reduction of Seringapatam before the rains, or whether I must limit my views to Ouslore, and an establishment in this country, will depend on circumstances of which it is impossible for me at present to form a precise judgment; I can, however, most truly assure you, that nothing but absolute necessity shall make me abandon my former plan.

I have, with a view to expedite the re-equipment of the heavy artillery, appointed Colonel Duff to command in Bangalore, into which place I have put the 76th regiment and three native battalions.

The quantity of military stores of all sorts that we have found in it is astonishing, and there is in particular more gunpowder than we can possibly have occasion for during the present year.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) CORNWALLIS.

Camp at Bangalore, March 27, 1791.

Vienna,

*Vienna, Aug. 22.* A Russian officer, dispatched by Prince Repnin from his Head-Quarters, arrived here yesterday with an official account to the Russian Ambassador, that peace had been concluded between the Czarina and the Porte at Galacz on the 11th instant.

*Dresden, Aug. 28.* His Imperial Majesty, accompanied by the Arch-Duke Francis, arrived at Poelnitz, the Elector's summer residence in the neighbourhood of this capital, between eleven and twelve of the morning of the 25th. The King and Prince Royal of Prussia arrived about an hour later. The same evening the Count d'Artois arrived in Dresden, and the next morning his Royal Highness was invited to Poelnitz, where apartments were provided for him. The 26th there was an opera, supper, and firework at Poelnitz, to which the principal Nobility and Foreign Ministers were invited. Yesterday a masked ball was given to the public at the great Opera-house in this city, at which these illustrious visitors and the Electoral family were present. Early this morning his Imperial Majesty and the Arch-Duke set out for Prague. The King of Prussia and the Prince Royal are gone to Moritzburg, one of the Elector's country palaces, where they are to hunt and dine, and will afterwards continue their route to Potsdam. The Count d'Artois will set out this evening on his return to Coblenz. His Imperial Majesty was attended by

Marthal Lafcy and M. de Spielman; the King of Prussia, by Prince Hohenloe, General Bischoffswerder, and M. de Manstein. In the suite of the Count d'Artois were M. de Calonne, M. d'Escars, M. d'Estehazy, and Baron Roll. The Prince of Nassau Siegen, the Marquis de Bouille, and the Duke de Polignac, met his Royal Highness here.

*Berlin, Sept. 2.* The King of Prussia arrived from Poelnitz, on the 28th ult, at Potsdam.

*Madrid, Aug. 24.* His Catholic Majesty has declared war against the Emperor of Morocco.

*Vienna, Sept. 7.* The ratification of the Treaty of Peace, and of the Convention between his Imperial Majesty and the Ottoman Porte, were exchanged on the 23d ult. at Sistovo, by the Austrian and Turkish Plenipotentiaries, in due form. And on the 5th inst. Sir Robert Murray Keith, his Britannic Majesty's Plenipotentiary at the above Congress, returned to this city.

*Paris, Sept. 14.* This morning His Most Christian Majesty came to the National Assembly in his state coach, attended by his Ministers, and having taken the oath prescribed by the new Constitution, he returned to the Palace of the Thuilleries, through the garden, on foot, attended by the Members of the Assembly. A general illumination and other rejoicings have taken place throughout the city on the occasion.

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

AUGUST 27.

**M**R. WIFFIN, one of the messengers, arrived at Lord Grenville's Office, from Sistovo, with accounts of the ratification of the long-expected Definitive Treaty of Peace between the Austrians and the Turks.--- Mr. Wiffin was fifteen days on his journey, and travelled at the rate of 120 miles a-day. His dispatches from Sir Robert Murray Keith, the British Ambassador at Sistovo, were on Sunday communicated to his Majesty at Windsor. This Definitive Treaty is conformable to the Reichenbach Convention, establishing the *statu quo*, and is guaranteed by the Allied Powers.

On the 22d of July the Ministers of the Allied Powers at Petersburg delivered a third Memorial, which was followed by an Answer from the Russian Court, dated the 27th of July, in which the Empress agreed with the Ministers of the said Courts, respecting

the conditions which are to serve for the basis of the pacification between Russia and the Porte, which consist in the following points :

I. That the city of Oczakow, with all its fortifications, and its whole district, shall remain in the possession of her Russian Majesty.

II. That all the country situated between the rivers Bog and Niefter, shall for the future belong to Russia in full Sovereignty.

III. That the River Niefter shall for the future determine the frontiers of both Kingdoms.

IV. That the two Powers shall have a perfect and equal liberty to erect on the shores of the said river, which shores shall serve for frontiers of the respective Empires, as many fortresses as they shall think proper.

V. That her Imperial Majesty grants a free navigation on the river Niefter ; and

VI. That

VI. That the Courts of London and Berlin will engage to propose the said conditions to the Porte, and agree to declare to the Divan, that they could obtain no other conditions from her Imperial Majesty; and that the Allied Courts expect the Porte will make no difficulty in accepting them; as should the terms be rejected, they (the Allied Courts) will much regret being under the necessity to abandon the Turks to the fate of war.

These Preliminaries, having been signed by the English and Prussian Ministers, were immediately sent by couriers of the respective Courts to be ratified.

SEPT. 8. Edward Brown, for a highway robbery; William Millington, for stealing a mare; Francis Field, alias Rodney, and John Green, for being concerned in destroying the houses, &c. of John Taylor, Esq. and Dr. Priestley, were executed near Warwick, agreeably to their sentences. The unhappy men appeared at the fatal tree with manly firmness and resignation, and their whole conduct after condemnation evinced the truest penitence. Green, however, to the last moment, declared he took no part in demolishing Dr. Priestley's house (for which he was convicted), but that he was merely a spectator there; though he acknowledged he ought to suffer, as he was very active in destroying Mr. Hutton's house.

His Majesty's free pardon has been granted to Bartholomew Fisher, one of the condemned rioters; and a respite for fourteen days was on Wednesday received at Warwick for the other rioter.

14. About half past ten o'clock at night, a dreadful fire broke out near Cherry Garden Stairs, Rotherhithe, near London, which, from the tide being low, and little water to be had, burnt with great fury a considerable time. It began at a chandler's, but how is not known: several barrels of tar were on fire before it was discovered. A number of engines attended, both on the river and on the shore; but, from the difficulty of finding water for the latter, and the impossibility of bringing the former near enough, the flames for a long time spread with the utmost fury. It was six or seven o'clock in the morning before the violence of the flames was any way got under, by which time above 50 houses were burnt down, many of them warehouses, containing property to a very considerable amount, of which very little was saved. The flames having communicated to the shipping in the river, great fears were entertained that a number of vessels would fall a prey to the rage of the fire, as there was no possibility of drawing them off, owing to the water being ebb. The

Ranger, Capt. Swain, from the South Seas, and a small brig, were burnt; but, by great exertions, the flames were prevented from communicating to any other vessels, at least from destroying any other. A great number of poor families have been burnt out, and their little all destroyed.

15. About five o'clock in the morning, the Post boy carrying the mail (on horseback) from Warrington to Manchester was murdered about a mile from Warrington, the mail opened, and the letters in the following bags were taken out and carried away, viz. the Chester bags for Manchester and Rochdale, and the Liverpool bags for Rochdale.

Two men (by accent Irishmen) were seen to leave the place where the robbery and murder had been committed in a precipitate manner, and to go towards Warrington.

The rider was found about six o'clock on Friday morning, after the whole of the night had been spent in searching for him, in Brutch Brook, about a mile from Warrington (murdered); the body laid with the face downwards, his hands tied upon his back, and his feet tied together.

19. George Dingler was executed opposite the Debtor's door at Newgate, according to his sentence, for the wilful murder of his wife.

21. The Old Bailey sessions ended, when judgment of death was passed on John Portsmouth, Thomas Playter, Thomas Collis, William Trittram, John Berry, Robert Clark, Thomas Eastop, John Simpton, Thomas Jones, and John Herbert.

Fifteen capital convicts, who had been respited during his Majesty's pleasure, were pardoned on condition of being transported to New South Wales for life. One of them, Thomas Chapland, refused his pardon, and was ordered to be confined in a solitary cell, till his Majesty's further pleasure be known. Ann Gale, another convict, who has two children, declared she would rather die than leave her children behind her, when the Recorder said he would do every thing in his power that her children might be permitted to go with her.

24. A woman in Turnmill-street, Clerkenwell, quitted her house, leaving two children alone therein, who opened a cage in which three ferrets were confined, when the latter attacked one of the children, and tore out its eyes.

Letters from the Havannah, dated July 2, give accounts of a great deal of damage done by an earthquake, attended by a terrible deluge of rain, which collected into torrents, and swept every thing before it.

## MONTHLY OBITUARY for AUG. and SEP. 1791.

JULY.

**S**UDDENLY, coming from Highgate to Kentish Town, Mr. John Seymour. He was the author of a collection of poems containing Spring, &c. and dedicated to the Duchess of Devonshire; and translated The Correspondence of Two Lovers, inhabitants of Lyons. He had planned several works, and was a frequent correspondent of this magazine. Vexation, arising from disappointment, is said to have shortened his life.

19. James Wallace, Esq. of Jamaica, on his passage to England.

AUG. 15. At Willesley-hall, aged 65, Thomas Abney, Esq. son of Sir Thomas Abney, Knt. one of the Judges of the Common Pleas.

At Pl-mouth-Dock, Fenion Griffiths, Esq. Captain of the Portsmouth Division of Marines.

John Campbell, Esq. of Achalader, Scotland.

17. In Kennington-lane, Vauxhall, the Hon. Isabella Scott, widow of John Scott, Esq. only brother of the Earl of Deloraine. She used to perform at Drury-lane, as a singer, under her maiden name Young. Her first appearance on the stage was at Covent-garden, April 22, 1754, in the Page in Rosamond. She was married to Mr. Scott about 1757.

19. At Cullen, Lieutenant John Guthrie, in the East India Company's service.

Lately at Worcester, Mr. John Miller, many years manager of the company of comedians there.

20. The Rev. John Skelton, late of Brigg, Lincolnshire, Vicar of Goxhill and Thotnoton Cum Curtis, in Yorkshire, and Curate of Stockton.

21. At Jacob's Well, Bristol, Mrs. Jane Green, formerly an actress in great estimation with the public at Covent-garden Theatre. She was the daughter of Mr. Hippestey the comedian, and appeared the first time on the stage, at Drury-lane, on the 11th of January 1740, in the character of Rose, in the Recruiting Officer. She afterwards performed at Goodman's-fields, and was the last survivor of those actors who played on the first night of Mr. Garrick's appearance there, her part being that of Prince Edward. In the year 1780 she quitted the theatre, and has resided chiefly at Bristol since that period.

Mr. Thomas Coare, of Reading, formerly a wine-merchant in Newgate-street.

Mr. Charles Martyn, attorney, Lambeth Terrace.

22. Peregrine Sims, Esq. of the Custom-house, London.

At Gottingen, Monsieur Michaelis, celebrated for his writings on the scriptures.

At Cupar, in Fife, William Millar, Esq. of Star, aged 89.

23. George Doyle, Esq. Surgeon, Dublin, Senior Member of the Royal College of that Faculty there.

John Whitmore, Esq. of the Old Jewry. Mr. Wightman, at his chambers, Lyons-inn.

The noted Countess de la Motte, of necklace memory. She lately jumped out of a two pair of stairs window to avoid the bailiffs.

Lately at Peplow in Worcestershire, Cha. Pigott, Esq. aged 81, many years one of the elder brethren of the Trinity-house.

24. Mr. William Giles, of Stoke Newington.

John Bernard Smith, Esq. at Greenwich.

25. Mr. Johns, sen. New Bond-street.

Charles Ross, Esq. Craven-street, Strand.

At Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, Isaac Low, Esq. late of New-York.

26. At Richmond, Surrey, Francis McKenny, Esq. Colonel in the East-India Company's service.

John Murhall, Esq. of Whitchurch, Shropshire.

Lately at Marshgate, Charles Deaves, Esq. fifty years Secretary to different Masters of the Rolls.

27. Mr. Gabriel Heath, oilman, at Aldgate, and Common Councilman of that Ward.

Mr. Robert Harris, Wandsworth Hill.

28. Mr. Arrow, carpenter to his Majesty.

Lately at Buscott, Oxfordshire, the Rev. R. R.ady, Rector of that place, and Pafemore and Cadmore, Bucks.

29. The Rev. Samuel Dickens D.D. Archdeacon of Durham, Rector of Easington in that county, and Prebendary of that cathedral.

Gerard Strickland, Esq. at York, in his 88th year.

Major Bickerton, Town-major of Berwick.

30. Mr. Joseph Tootell, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury.

At Stockton, in Durham, Mr. Thomas Peirson, author of "Roseberry Topping," a poem, &c.

Mr. Addison, attorney at law, Headon in Holderness.

Lately in Trinity College, Dublin, the Rev. Digby Marth, D.D. Senior Fellow of that College, Professor of Modern History, Register of the University, and Member of the Royal Irish Academy.

31. Mr. Michael Ferron, Whistler's-court, Cannon-street.

Mr. W. Wootton, of Ewell, Surry, Lieutenant of the East-Middlesex Militia.

Mr. Robert Young, wine and brandy merchant, Minories.

Lady Dowager Abercrombie, relict of Sir Robert Abercrombie, of Brickenbogh, Bart.

Lately

Lately at Brumpton, near Scarborough, in his 84th year, Sir George Cayley, Bart.

SEPT. 1. At Pocklington, near York, the Rev. Robert Robinson, B. D. in his 78th year, many years Senior Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

At Dundee, Sir Robert Preston, Bart. Minister of Cupar, in Fife, in his 86th year.

3. Mr. Barnard, law stationer, Mitre-court, Temple.

Lately at Ryegate, Mrs. Williams, formerly Mrs. J. Wilson, of Drury-lane Theatre.

4. Sir Brook Bryges, Bart.

Miss Margaret Turner, of Upper Norton-street, Portland Road, who lately published a version of Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd.

The Rev. Brownlow Toller, of Hillingborough in the county of Lincoln.

Mr. T. Crichton, merchant, late one of the Bailies of Dundee, in his 80th year.

Daniel Hopkins, L. L. D. and F. R. S. at Huntingdon, many years a physician there.

5. At Atherstone, in Warwickshire, on his return from Baxton, the Rev. Moses Porter, Curate and Lecturer of Clapham, in Surrey.

Humphry Stevens, Esq. Major-general in the army, and Lieutenant-colonel of the 3d regiment of Foot Guards.

At Rochester, Mr. Thomas Nicholson, attorney at law, of Maidstone, and deputy clerk of the peace for Kent.

6. At Twickenham, Mr. Richard Jones, many years a stationer of the Middle Temple, and one of the Court of Assistants of the Stationers Company.

Mr. John Warner, Snow Hill.

Anthony Harrison, Esq. at Norton, near Stockton.

The Rev. Mr. Temple, Vicar of Addingham, Cumberland.

7. At Madrid, aged 100, Don Carlos Felix O'Neale. He was an old Lieutenant-general of the Spanish army, a great favourite of his Monarch, and had been Governor of the Havannah. He was the son of Sir Neale O'Neale, of the province of Ulster, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne.

Mr. John Scott, late surgeon of the 10th regiment of Light Dragoons.

8. The Rev. William Jackson, M. A. Master of the Free School at Stockport upwards of forty years.

Le Gendre Searkie, Esq. of Hantroid, in the county of Lancaster.

At Thirsk, Mrs. M. Wharton, aged 103.

Lately at Liege, Sir Francis Gerard, Bart.

Lately Thomas Farr, Esq. who in 1775 served the office of Mayor of Bristol.

9. Hugh Barron, Esq.

Sir John Leman, Lecturer of St. Mary at Hill.

In Lyons-inn, the Rev. John Free, D. D. Vicar of East Coker, Somersetshire.

Mr. Edward Parsons, Stratford, Essex.

10. At Dublin, F. Thompson, Esq. Consul General at that Port from the Court of Denmark.

Mr. Isaac Le Sturgeon, of Crispin-street, Spitalfields.

11. At Dorrivland Park, near Colchester, Mr. Ashwell, formerly a considerable grocer.

12. Dr. James de Laney Murison, eldest son of George Murison, Esq. late of New-York.

Mr. Peter Wirgman, working jeweller and goldsmith, Denmark-street, Soho.

Mr. John Barnard, coachmaker to their Majesties.

At Mount Heaton, King's County, Ireland, the Right Honourable John Armstrong, member for Kilmallock.

13. Catharine Marchioness of Abercorn, at Bentley Priory, Stanmore. She was daughter of Sir Joseph Copley.

14. Mrs. Jackson, wife of Mr. Jackson, letter-founder.

At Woodbury Hill, near Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire, the Honourable George Lane Parker, brother to the Earl of Macclesfield, Lieutenant-general in the army, and Colonel of the 12th regiment of Dragoons.

At Southampton, his Excellency the Marquis de la Luzerne, Ambassador from the Court of France.

At Sleaford, the Rev. Joseph Arnall Eyre, Vicar of Dorrington and Ruskington, Lincolnshire.

15. Mrs. Bennet, formerly of Drury-lane Theatre, aged 77.

Mrs. Lewis, printer, Paternoster-row, aged 86.

Joseph Baker, Esq. of Chichester.

Mr. John Mann, Mile End.

16. Mrs. Webster, of Old Fish-street Hill, wife of Mr. Webster, distiller.

At Rottengdean, the Rev. Richard Cooperthwaite, Rector of Meeching, otherwise Newhaven.

17. In Paradise-row, Birmingham, Mr. Thomas Hurd, formerly a merchant, and brother to the Bishop of Worcester.

The Rev. Mr. Wingfield, Vicar of St. Julian's, in Shrewsbury, and Minister of Berwick Chapel.

A few days ago, in Dublin, William Dunn, Esq. an Alderman of that city.

At Dunfany Castle, Ireland, the Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Dunfany.

The Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Hay, sister to the late, and aunt to the present Earl of Kinnoul.

The Rev. Mr. Mulse, Prebendary of Winchester, and Rector of Meonstoke and Easton in Hampshire.

At Islington, Mrs. Heylyn, wife of Edward Heylyn, Esq. of that place.

Mr. John Hakewill, of Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

